

SPACEHAWK



THE CADET



CHAMELEON

December

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10

Vol. 2  
No. 10



## The image features a dense background collage of vintage comic book covers. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "JETTA", "MYSTERY COMICS", "FANTASTIC TALES", "COSMO CAT", "STARTLING COMICS", "STRANGE MYSTERIES", "DARING ADVENTURES", "FAMOUS FUNNIES", "HILARIOUS RAUCOUS", "TEEN-AGE SWEETHEART OF THE 21st CENTURY", "DUCK", "EERIE", "EXCITING COMICS", "CASPER CAT", "BARNYARD COMICS", and "STRANGE WORLDS". The covers depict various genres including superhero action, mystery, science fiction, and humor. Overlaid centrally is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a thick black outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a slight drop shadow effect.



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

**\$1<sup>00</sup>** FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED **\$1<sup>00</sup>**

Dear Readers:

Many of you may be wondering why it takes two or three months from the time you write a letter to Ye Editors' Page until the time it appears in print. The reason for this lapse of time is that it takes two or three months to prepare the artwork and actually print the magazine. Please keep in mind, therefore, when you send a letter that it cannot be published for several weeks after you have written it. When one of our fans writes a letter which is chosen for publication, we are anxious to see that he gets the dollar he deserves but some of the dollars have been returned by the Post Office marked "Not Found." Please help us to be sure you get the dollar you deserve when your letter is printed by writing your name and complete address very plainly—also, don't forget to leave a forwarding address at the Post Office if you should move.

Dear Editors:

I read Ye Editors' Page in every Target Comics I get. I read the letter of Edward Kamion in the September issue and I disagree with him. Although I am a girl, I like The Code much better than Colling 2-R. Another point I disagree with him is the name of Target Comics. I don't think that it should be changed because it more or less tells you who the main characters are. If you change it to Magnet Comics it would not give you much of an idea of who the characters are. I can see no reason to change it at all although I see what Edward Kamion meant when he suggested the name Magnet Comics but I thought that maybe you named it the Target in the first place because of the Target and Targeteers.

There is one thing that I agree with him on; I would like a real American story.

A very faithful reader,  
Shirley Morch  
Albion, Michigan

—(Just between us, Shirley, we are glad to hear that you stick up for Target, as it is the original name of our magazine, but we want to please the majority of our readers. Let's just hold our breath and wait for the verdict.)

Dear Sirs:

I have just read your September issue and I think it's swell. Boy! It's sure some target for the other comic books to shoot for.

I think, however, that the Chameleon has taken a change for the worse. The story of his identity was very good and original, but that uniform makes him like all the other comic book characters of his type. It destroys all his originality.

There has been some talk about taking Spacehawk out of the magazine but in my opinion, he keeps the variety that makes Target so outstanding. He adds the fantastic element which along with the Western, humorous, and crime fighting strips makes up this wonderful variety. Drop Lucky Byrd if anybody.

Although I'm no marksman, your magazine is one Target I never miss.

Wishing you luck in the future,  
George Stewart,  
Maplewood, N. J.

—(Thanks for such an interesting letter, George. You sound like a sharpshooter to us, and we agree about Chameleon's uniform.)

Dear Editors:

I bought my first "Target Comics" book in November. I have been taking it every month since. One of my hobbies is collecting comic books. I like the "Target Comics" best of all the books I have collected.

I have been talking with some of my friends, who take "Target Comics" and we all agree that it would be nice if you would have one strip about a woman or girl.

What has happened to the cougar in "Bull's Eye Bill"? Has Dee or Bill ever given the pet cougar a name yet? I haven't seen the cougar for several months now.

I don't know which story in "Target Comics" I like the best. I like them all very much.

Yours truly,  
Lilo Fetters  
Collbran, Colorado

—(Painter, the cougar, is still out on the ranch, Lilo. We really think Bill is too fond of his pet to get rid of him. Just watch and you'll see Painter soon again.)

Dear Sirs:

I have read all of your Target Comic Books and find them very good because of the fine print and drawings. I agree with the other letters on the Ye Editors' Page that you should have a full book of Target.

I am saving all my books and when I get enough I am going to take them to the orphan's home. The children there will like to read them too.

Mather thinks I am too big to read these books.

Yours truly,  
Budgie Barnes  
Dollos, Texas

—(Target Comics is read by people of all ages, including many soldiers in our army camps, Budgie. Ye Editors' think it is fine that you are planning to give your comic books to the orphan's home. Your heart certainly is in the right place.)

Dear Editor:

I think the Target is the best thing in Target Comics but there never is enough of him. I wish you would publish a magazine that has all Target in it and have only about two episodes in it so that we could have a couple of real "bang up" mysteries, the kind that keep you guessing as to "who done it" until the very end. I'm sure all the boys and girls would enjoy a book like that.

Sincerely  
Taylor Myers  
Chanute, Kansas

—(With so many votes for more Target and The Targeteers your Editors are seriously considering giving you more.)

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

# THE TARGET and the

# TARGETEERS



ONCE AGAIN THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS COME INTO CONTACT WITH THE NOTORIOUS PRINCESS HOHOHE WHOSE MISSION IN THE UNITED STATES IS THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR GIGANTIC DEFENSE EFFORT. HER UTTER DISREGARD FOR THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES BRINGS THE WRATH AND FURY OF THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS UPON HER.



by SID GREENE





HEY NILES/DAVE!  
TAKE A LOOK AT  
THIS. WILL YA?

WHOOSH! ULP.  
WHAT'S UPP?  
HUH?

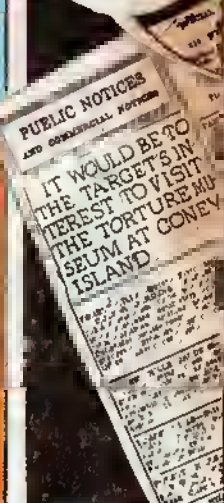
SAY, TAKE  
IT EASY TOM.  
WHAT'S GOT  
INTO YOU?



SO WHAT? WE  
KNOW THE TRIAL  
IS TOMORROW.

I KNOW THAT  
TOO, BUT TAKE  
A LOOK AT  
THE 'AD' IN THE  
PUBLIC NOTICES  
COLUMN.

HMM... BOYS,  
WE'RE GOIN' TO  
PAY A VISIT TO  
THE TORTURE  
MUSEUM AT  
CONEY ISLAND  
RIGHT NOW!



IT WOULD BE TO  
THE TARGET'S IN  
TEREST TO VISIT  
THE TORTURE MU  
SEUM AT CONEY  
ISLAND

AND SO TO THE MECCA OF  
GAIETY AND THRILLS GO NILES  
REED, TOM BROWN AND DAVE FOSTER.

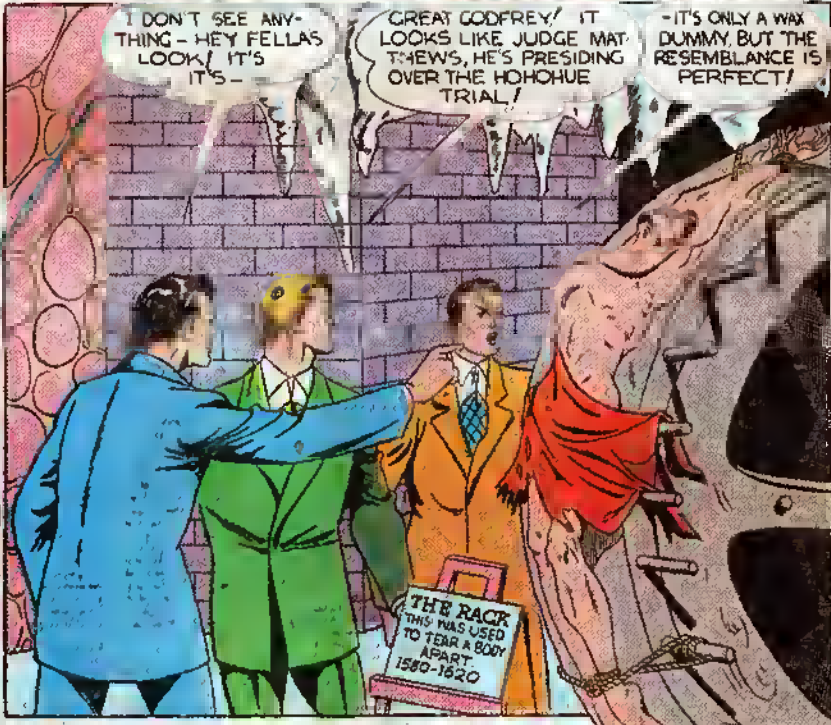
STEP RIGHT IN FOLKS. STEP  
RIGHT IN! FOR ONE THIN DIME  
SEE HOW THEY MADE 'EM  
TALK IN ANCIENT DAYS!



HOW  
MANY?

WAAHH! I  
ONLY GLUB SAID  
YOU DRAG POP  
OVER THE COALS  
EVERY DAY!  
OW! OH OUCH!

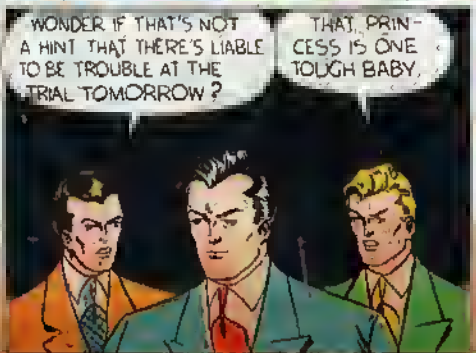
THREE  
PLEASE!



I DON'T SEE ANY-  
THING - HEY FELLAS  
LOOK! IT'S  
IT'S -

GREAT GODFREY! IT  
LOOKS LIKE JUDGE MAT-  
THEWS, HE'S PRESIDING  
OVER THE HOHOHUE  
TRIAL!

-IT'S ONLY A WAX  
DUMMY, BUT THE  
RESEMBLANCE IS  
PERFECT!



WONDER IF THAT'S NOT  
A HINT THAT THERE'S LIABE  
TO BE TROUBLE AT THE  
TRIAL TOMORROW?

THAT, PRIN-  
CESS IS ONE  
TOUGH BABY.



WELL WE'LL  
BE AT THE TRIAL  
TOMORROW-SO  
SHE'D BETTER  
BEHAVE  
HERSELF!



**T**HE NEXT DAY, OUTSIDE THE FEDERAL COURT BUILDING...

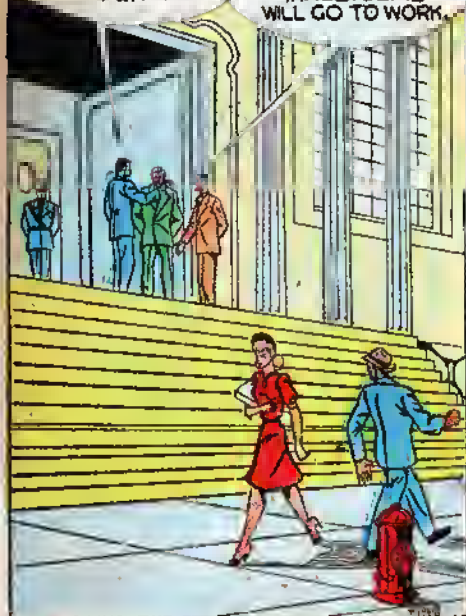
LISTEN TOM, DAVE, -  
YOU TWO WAIT OUT  
IN THE LOBBY AND  
KEEP YOUR EYES  
OPEN....

OK, NILES, AND IF  
SOMETHING HAPPENS  
WE'LL DOFF OUR  
CLOTHES AND THE  
TARGETEERS  
WILL GO TO WORK.

**W**ITHIN A FEW HOURS, THE JURY RETURNS WITH ITS VERDICT....  
HIS HONOR, JUDGE MATTHEWS, IS ABOUT TO PRONOUNCE THE  
PEOPLES' DECISION AGAINST PRINCESS HOHOHUE.....

NO! I HAVE NOTHING  
TO SAY, YOU MAY  
PROCEED.

YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND  
GUILTY OF VIOLATING THE  
ESPIONAGE ACTS OF THE  
UNITED STATES AND IT IS  
MY DUTY TO SENTENCE YOU  
TO TWENTY YEARS IN THE  
FEDERAL PENITENTIARY!



**A**S THE SENTENCE IS HANDED  
DOWN, PRINCESS HOHOHUE'S  
ATTORNEY WHIPS OUT A GUN....

NO ONE CAN SEND  
THE PRINCESS  
AWAY! COME ON  
DOWN, JUDGE!

YOU HEARD  
HIM, JUDGE!  
COME  
DOWN  
HERE!

ANYONE TRIES TO STOP  
US, AND I SHOOT THE JUDGE  
RIGHT IN THE BACK!  
COME PRINCESS, WE'LL  
DEPART NOW!

**M**EANWHILE, IN THE LOBBY OUTSIDE THE  
COURTROOM, SPECTATORS SUDDENLY BECOME  
GUN-WIELDING MOBSTERS. THEY HOLD THE  
POLICE AT BAY SO THAT THE PRINCESS CAN  
MAKE GOOD HER ESCAPE.

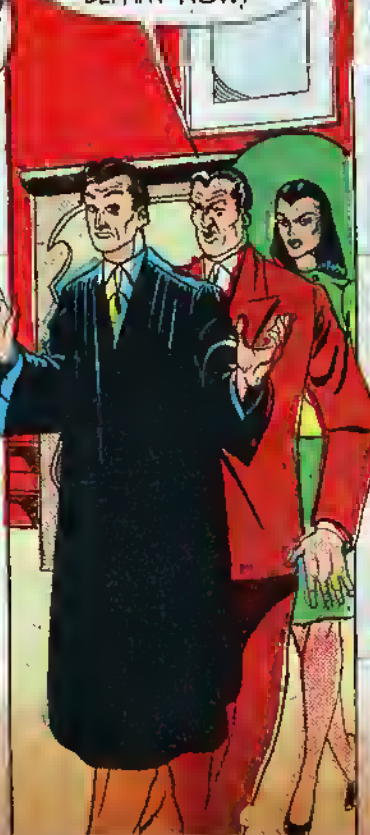
STAND BACK, OR  
WE'LL FILL YOUSE  
FULL O' LEAD, SEE!

YOU WON'T GET  
AWAY WITH  
IT YOU-OH-H-H

SHUT  
UP!

YOU  
RATS!

**BANG**



**S**UDDENLY, AS THE SHOTS RING OUT, THE TARGETEERS EMERGE FIGHTING, THEIR FISTS CRASHING INTO THE PRINCESS' HENCHMEN!

SHOOT 'EM YOU SAPS, SHOOT-

I-I-DID-I DID, BUT IT DON'T HOIT 'EM!

SOME GUY WITH A GUN IS GOIN TO GET A BROKEN JAW!



**I**NSIDE THE COURTROOM, THE PRINCESS' HENCHMEN BATTLE THE COURTROOM GUARDS.

THE 'CONFUSION IS COMPLETE PRINCESS; ONCE WE GAIN THE OUTSIDE, IT'LL BE CLEAR SAILING!

OH-H-H!



-THINK YOU'RE HOT STUFF IN THAT UNIFORM. I'LL

OHH!

C'MON BOYS, DEY'RE MURDERIN' OUR GANG!

CONTACT



**W**HILE REED QUICKLY DUCKS BEHIND THE JUDGE'S DESK AND EMERGES AS THE TARGET!

NOW WE'LL SEE HOW FAR THE PRINCESS WILL GET!



**A**S THE PRINCESS LEAVES THE COURTROOM, THE TARGET LEAPS INTO ACTION, HIS PUNISHING FISTS POUNDING THE MOBSTERS MERCLESSLY!

**O**UT OF NOWHERE, THE TARGET DISCOVERS A STRANGE CHARACTER FIGHTING AT HIS SIDE....

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT THANKS!

EXPLANATIONS LATER! WE MUST STOP HER!





PRINCESS HOHOHUE REACHES HER CAR, BUT THE TARGETEERS STILL FIGHT DESPERATELY TO PREVENT HER ESCAPE.....



THEY ARE KILLING MY MEN!

COME PRINCESS, THE JUDGE IS ALREADY IN THE CAR!

AH! THE TARGET HIMSELF! LET ME GIVE HIM A DOSE OF LEAD! I KNOW HIS VULNERABLE SPOTS



THE PRINCESS FIRES! AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LONG CRIME FIGHTING CAREER, THE TARGET IS HIT.....



HA/HA/HA! I GOT HIM! I GOT HIM! HA/HA!

OUCH! I'M HIT! MY LEG, OH!

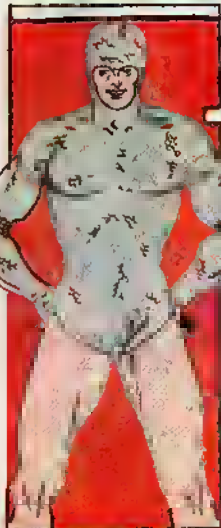
NILES/ARE YOU HURT?

CRACK

OH!!

HOW WAS THE TARGET FINALLY STOPPED?

DURING HIS STUDY OF METAL - LURGY AT COLLEGE, NILES REED, WHO IS THE TARGET, DISCOVERED A FLEXIBLE BULLET-PROOF METAL.



THIS PROTECTIVE MATERIAL IS WORN UNDER THE TARGETEERS' COSTUMES, ONLY THE FACE AND LEGS UNPROTECTED.

THROW A SMOKE BOMB! QUICKLY, WE HAVE TO RESCUE OUR MEN!

O.K. PRINCESS, WATCH DIS!



SCREENED FROM THE TARGETEERS BY A THICK WHITE SMOKE CLOUD, THE PRINCESS AND HER MOB MAKE THEIR GET-AWAY.....



THE TARGET WAS HIT, (COUGH) CAN YOU SEE HIM?

NO, I - COUGH HEY! - LOOK THROUGH THE SMOKE!

Q'S THE SMOKE SLOWLY LIFTS, THE TARGETEERS SPY THE STRANGE ORIENTAL CARRYING THE WOUNDED TARGET TO A CAR...



COME ON! AFTER HIM, HE'S GOT NILES!



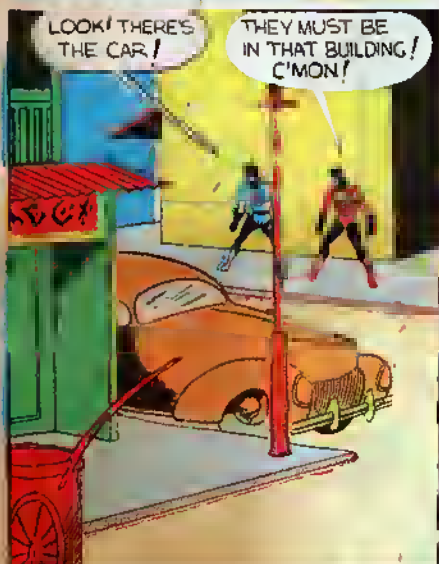
HE GOT AWAY WITH THE TARGET!

AFTER HIM IN OUR CAR!



**THE TARGETEERS FOLLOW THE ABDUCTOR'S CAR INTO THE NARROW STREETS OF CHINATOWN...**

**IN THE MAZE OF RAMSHACKLE HOUSES, THE TARGETEERS LOSE THE TRAIL OF THE ORIENTAL, AND THE WOUNDED TARGET...**



**UP THE STAIRS THEY RACE.**



**CRASHING INTO THE ROOM, THE TARGETEERS SEE THE WOUNDED TARGET LYING ON A TABLE, THE ORIENTAL AT HIS SIDE.**





THE PRINCESS HONOHUE HAS CAUSED SABOTAGE ON MATERIAL DESTINED FOR CHINA. I HAVE BEEN AIDING THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT TO APPREHEND HER!



WELL IT LOOKS AS IF SHE MADE A CLEAN GET-AWAY!



NO, NO! THAT IS NOT TRUE. MY AGENT KNOWS WHERE SHE IS HIDING.

YOUR AGENT KNOWS! THAT'S SWELL! WHERE IS HE?



AGENT IS NOT HE, IS SHE. SHE RUN PERSONAL NOTICE IN PAPER. SHE IS AT CONEY ISLAND NOW!



ON A SHORT WHILE THE STRANGE GROUP REACHES CONEY ISLAND.



YOU HAD BETTER WAIT OUTSIDE AT THE BACK, I'LL BE OUT SHORTLY.

INSIDE THE FORTUNE TELLER'S CONCESSION.....



WELL LOTUS, ANY NEWS?

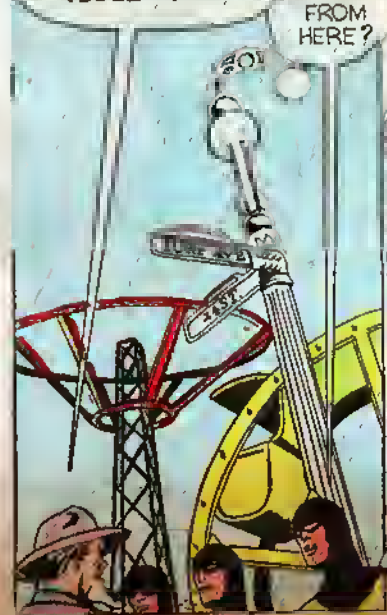
YES, SIT DOWN. BE CAREFUL, I THINK THAT I AM BEING WATCHED.

THE PRINCESS IS HIDING IN THE CELLAR OF THE TORTURE MUSEUM. SHE HAS JUDGE MATTHEWS THERE. HURRY, GO NOW!



SHE IS IN THE TORTURE MUSEUM WITH THE JUDGE. WE GO!

OK. HOW DO WE GET THERE FROM HERE?



AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE, A SNEAKING GUNMAN FIRES AT DR. NIRVANA.

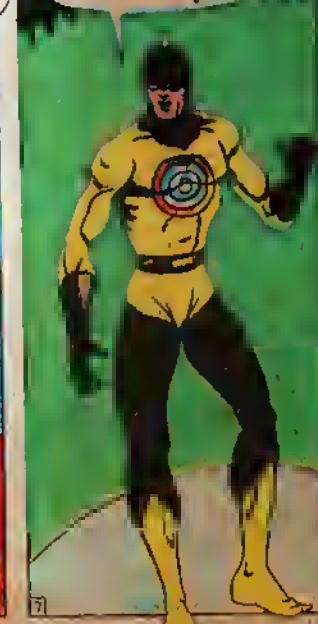


IT IS NOUSE I AM A GONER. GET TO THE TORTURE MUSEUM - THROUGH THE AMUSEMENT PARK, OH H-H-H



HE'S - HE'S DEAD!

IT'S UP TO US TO STOP HER, AND WE WILL!





**I**N A MATTER OF SECONDS THEY REACH THE AMUSEMENT AREA.

HEY! YOU GUYS CAN'T GO IN WITHOUT A TICKET! WHO O'YA THINK YOU ARE - OUCH!

OUT O' THE WAY, BUD!

WE'LL PAY ON OUR WAY OUT - MAYBE!



THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS ARE ABOUT TO EMERGE FROM THE REVOLVING BARREL INTO THE HEART OF THE AMUSEMENT AREA WHEN....

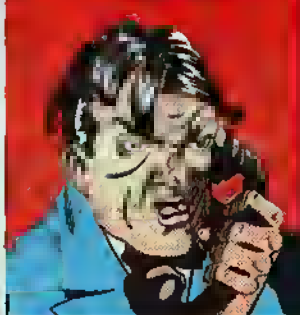
COME ON, TARGET MY DEAR!

YEAH! WE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU! MAYBE WE'LL COME IN!



**B**UT, AS THE FEARLESS TRIO DASH PAST THE TICKET TAKER.....

HELLO, LISTEN JUGGER-HEAD! THE TARGET JUST DASHED IN. YEAH.....GO GET HIM AND MAKE SURE YOU DO!



DON'T WORRY, I'LL GET DE PUNK. HE WON'T BE WORTH TWO CENTS WHEN I GET T'ROUGH WID HIM!



**A**N AMAZING BATTLE TAKES PLACE INSIDE THE REVOLVING BARREL. THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS SOON GAIN AN UPPERHAND, AND BATTER THEIR FOES INTO WEAK, WIMPERING COWARDS.



WHERE ARE THE PRINCESS AND THE JUDGE? C'MON TALK!

OK, O.K. / YOU GOTTA GO T'ROUGH DE TUNNEL O' MYSTERY, DEN...ETC. ETC

**T**HE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS LOSE NO TIME IN FINDING THE PRINCESS' HIDEOUT.

TO THINK PEOPLE PAY A DIME FOR A RIDE THAT SCARES THE DAYLIGHTS OUT O' EM.

THAT'S THE LANDING OVER THERE, FELLAS!







C'MON FELLAS! WE GET OUT HERE AND WALK DOWN THESE STEPS —

PRETTY DARK HERE I CAN HARDLY SEE A THING!

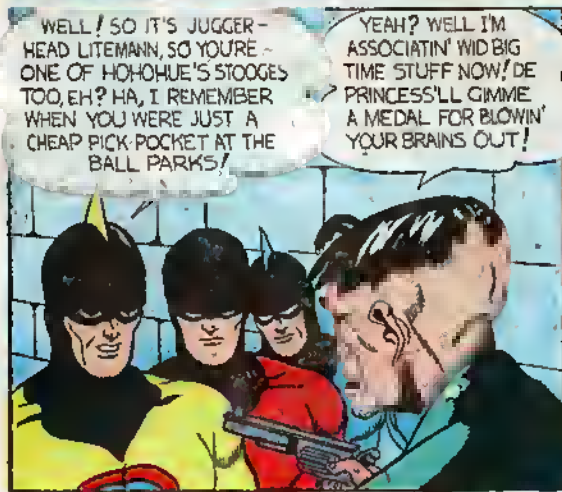
**W**ATCHING THE STRANGE TRIO, IS ANOTHER OF THE PRINCESS' MEN,

WELL, WELL, WELL! DE TARGETEERS! BOY! DIS IS WHAT I BEEN WAITIN' FOR!

**A**S THE TRIO REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS.

O.K., TARGET! RAISE YOUR MITTS! SO YOU'RE DE GUY BULLETS CAN'T STOP!

WHO TH-?!



WELL! SO IT'S JUGGER-HEAD LITEMANN, SO YOU'RE ONE OF HOHOHUE'S STOOGES TOO, EH? HA, I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE JUST A CHEAP PICK-POCKET AT THE BALL PARKS!

YEAH? WELL I'M ASSOCIATIN' WID BIG TIME STUFF NOW! DE PRINCESS'LL GIMME A MEDAL FOR BLOWIN' YOUR BRAINS OUT!



NOW SAY YOUR PRAYERS MY T'REE LIDDLE TARGETS! JUST T'REE SHOT'S, AND YOUSE IS DONE FOR!



HA! HA! DERE, HOW DO YOU LIKE DAT? HOW... HOLY SMOKE! IT'S TRUE! IT'S TRUE! BULLETS DON'T HOIT 'EM!

WE LIKE IT FINE! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT JUGGERHEAD? HUH?

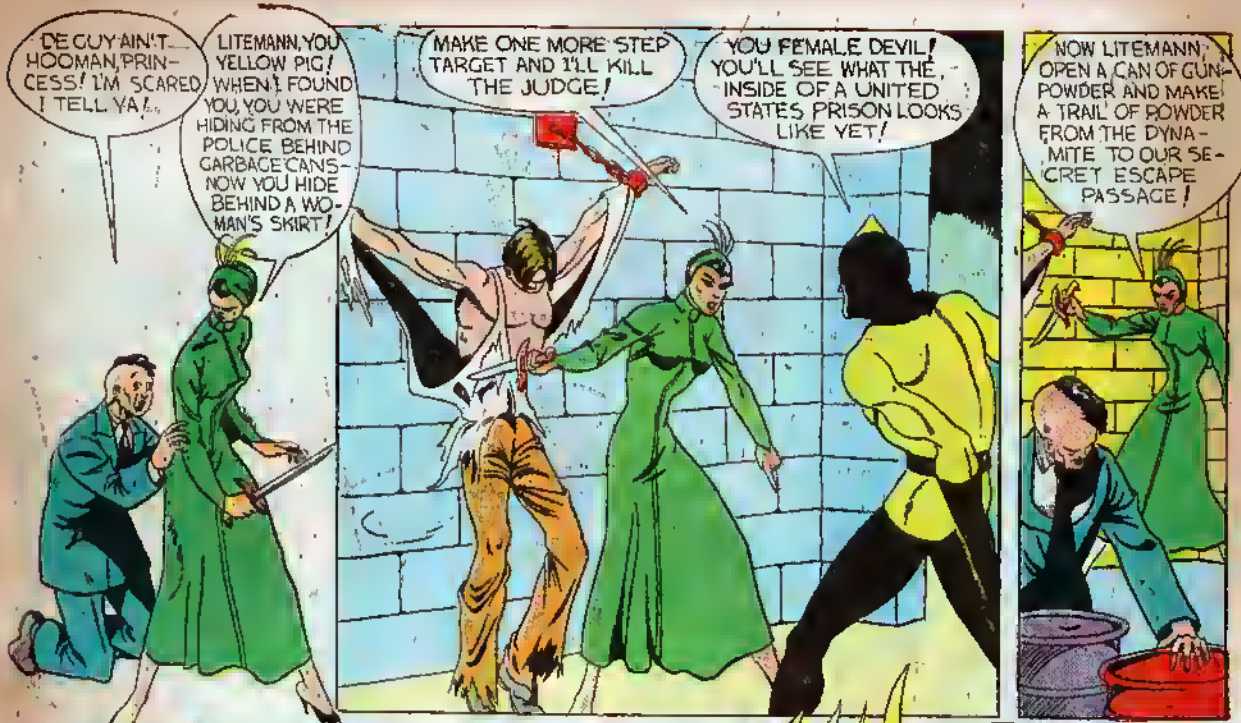


HELP PRINCESS! IT'S - IT'S DE TARGET! HELP!

AFTER HIM BOYS HE'LL LEAD US TO HER!

THE JUDGE! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM ABOVE ALL ELSE!





DE GUY AIN'T HOOMAN, PRINCESS! I'M SCARED I TELL YA!

LITEMANN, YOU YELLOW PIG! WHEN I FOUND YOU, YOU WERE HIDING FROM THE POLICE BEHIND GARBAGE CANS—NOW YOU HIDE BEHIND A WOMAN'S SKIRT!

MAKE ONE MORE STEP TARGET AND I'LL KILL THE JUDGE!

YOU FEMALE DEVIL! YOU'LL SEE WHAT THE INSIDE OF A UNITED STATES PRISON LOOKS LIKE YET!

NOW LITEMANN, OPEN A CAN OF GUNPOWDER AND MAKE A TRAIL OF POWDER FROM THE DYNAMITE TO OUR SECRET ESCAPE PASSAGE!



IGNITE IT NOW LITEMANN!

SO LONG, TARGET! SEE YOU SOME DAY IN HEAVEN—OR MAYBE SOME PLACE ELSE!

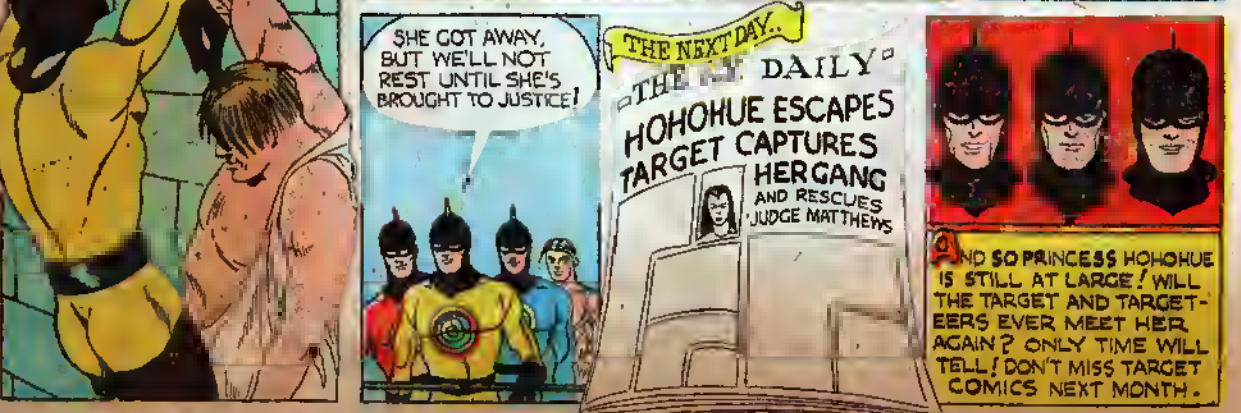
WE'VE GOT TO GET THE JUDGE LOOSE AND GET OUT OF HERE!



THE TARGET'S POWERFUL HANDS TEAR THE CHAINS FROM THE WALL.

AS THEY REACH THE BOARDWALK, A VIOLENT EXPLOSION BLASTS THE TORTURE MUSEUM ASUNDER...

—AND THAT'S THE END OF THE NOBLE TARGET. GOODBYE FOOL!



SHE GOT AWAY, BUT WE'LL NOT REST UNTIL SHE'S BROUGHT TO JUSTICE!

THE NEXT DAY...  
THE DAILY HOHOHUE ESCAPES  
TARGET CAPTURES  
HERGANG  
AND RESCUES  
JUDGE MATTHEWS



AND SO PRINCESS HOHOHUE IS STILL AT LARGE! WILL THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS EVER MEET HER AGAIN? ONLY TIME WILL TELL! DON'T MISS TARGET COMICS NEXT MONTH.



# The CADET

Featuring  
**KIT CARTER**

**ON** THE DAUNTON  
MILITARY SCHOOL  
IS RUNNING HIGH  
OVER THE APPROACH  
OF THE ANNUAL  
GRIDIRON  
CLASSIC WITH  
SHERMAN  
HALL...



ART GATES &  
JOHN JORDAN

**Oh** THE FIELD...

HEY!  
WHAT A  
TACKLE!

THAT WAS  
KIT CARTER!

WHAT ARE YOU  
TRYING TO DO...  
SHOW OFF?

WHY, NO!  
I WAS  
JUST...

... JUST TRYING TO  
SHOW ME  
UP, EH?





**QUICKLY, KIT UNCORKS  
A FAST ONE...**

**LOOK OUT!  
HERE COMES  
THE COACH!**



**WHAT ARE YOU  
TRYING TO DO,  
SOPHER?**

30



**ANGRILY, THE COACH  
ORDERS KIT AND SOPHER  
TO THE SHOWERS!**

**CARTER, I'M CHANG-  
ING YOUR POSITION  
IN THE LINE UP!**



**WE CANNOT HAVE BAD  
FEELINGS BETWEEN  
OUR TEAM MEMBERS!  
YOU WILL PRACTICE  
WITH THE SCRUBS  
TOMORROW!**

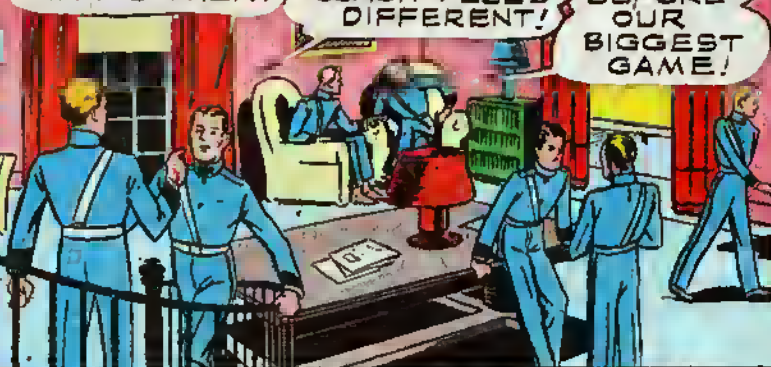
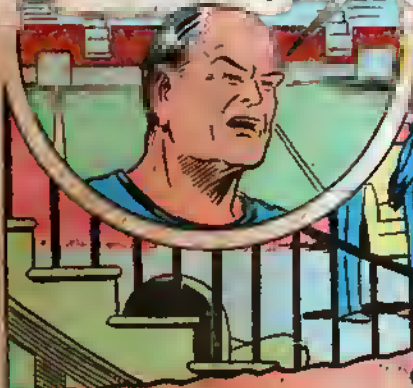
**the**

**COACH'S DECISION BECOMES CAMPUS TALK.**

**BUT CARTER IS A  
BETTER PLAYER  
THAN SOPHER!**

**I GUESS THE  
COACH FEELS  
DIFFERENT!**

**THIS WOULD  
HAPPEN  
JUST  
BEFORE  
OUR  
BIGGEST  
GAME!**



**at THAT VERY MINUTE,  
IN A  
MANHATTAN SKYSCRAPER...**

**MIKE EBLING,  
YOU'RE NOT A  
GAMBLER!  
YOU'RE A  
CROOK!**

**THAT'S A  
LIE!**



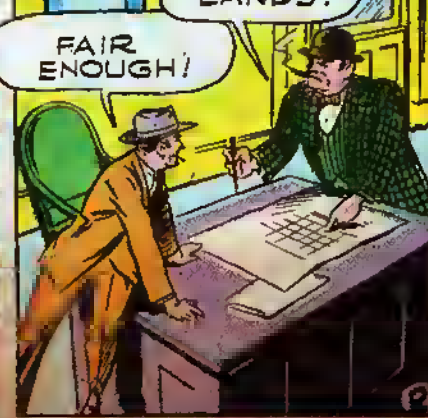
**I'LL TELL YOU  
WHAT I'LL DO,  
LAKEHURST...I'LL  
PROVE I'M NOT  
A CROOK! WE'LL  
BET ON A  
GAME OF  
FOOT BALL!**



**Five  
Minutes  
later**

**ALL THE GAMES  
ARE ON THIS  
PAGE! WE'LL BET  
ON THE GAME  
WHERE THE BIG-  
GEST DROP OF  
THIS INK  
LANDS!**

**FAIR  
ENOUGH!**

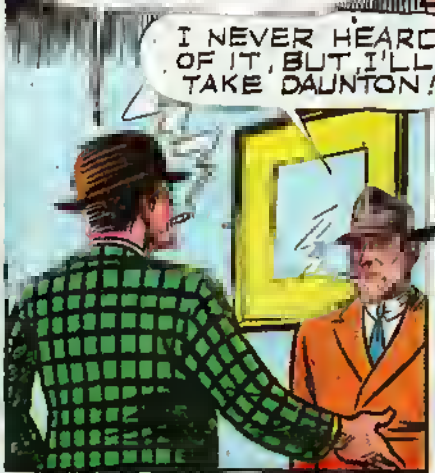




**A** FLICK OF THE WRIST, AND THE PAPER IS SPOTTED WITH INK!



THERE'S OUR GAME!  
TAKE YOUR CHOICE  
OF THE TEAMS!



I NEVER HEARD  
OF IT, BUT I'LL  
TAKE DAUNTON!

THAT EVENING... AT  
MIKE'S APARTMENT...

YOU BET TEN  
GRAND? WHAT  
IF YOU  
LOSE?

IM NOT  
GOING  
TO LOSE!  
YOU AND  
SPIKE WILL  
SEE TO  
THAT!



THE NEXT DAY AT  
DAUNTON...



YES, I'M  
KIT CARTER!

WE HEARD  
YOU WERE  
KICKED OFF  
THE FIRST  
TEAM!

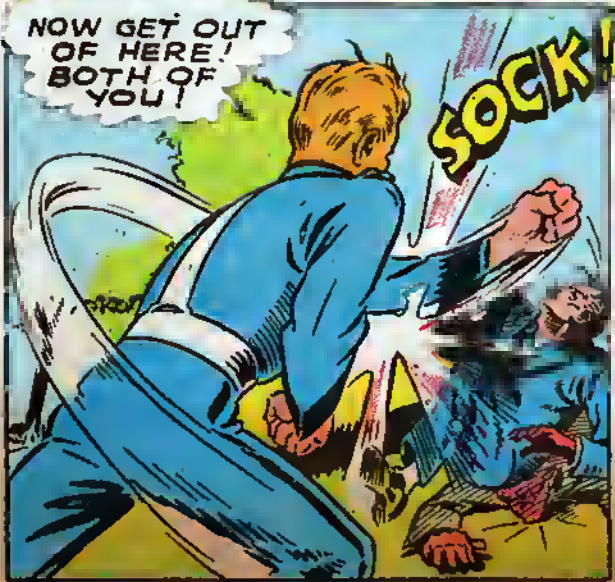
WE KNOW HOW YOU  
CAN GET EVEN...  
AND EARN A NICE  
PIECE OF DOUGH  
TOO!

YEH... SELL  
US YOUR  
TEAM  
SIGNALS!



WHY...YOU!

NOW GET OUT  
OF HERE!  
BOTH OF  
YOU!



SOCK!

THE MORNING OF THE BIG GAME  
DAWNS CLEAR AND CRISP.

GOSH...I'M  
NERVOUS!

SO AM I! WE  
HAVEN'T BEATEN  
SHERMAN HALL  
IN SIX SEASONS!





**B**REAKFAST OVER, KIT RETURNS TO HIS ROOM...

**K**IT HURRIES TO SOPHER'S ROOM...

YES! IT SOUNDED IMPORTANT!

WHAT'S WRONG?

YEH! HE GOT A PHONE-CALL... SAID IT WAS HIS FATHER!

**GOSH!**  
I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE RIGHT AWAY!

SOPHER IS MISSING... NO ONE HAS SEEN HIM SINCE LAST NIGHT!

AND HE WENT TO THE HOTEL IN THE VILLAGE?

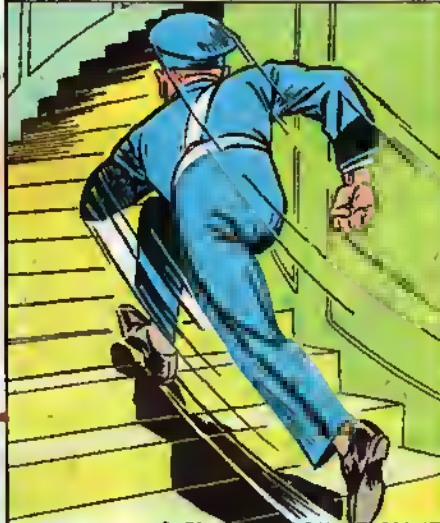


**MINUTES LATER... IN THE HOTEL LOBBY...**

... SOON, HE IS RACING UP THE STAIRS...

YES! A YOUNG MAN WENT UP TO THE FOURTH FLOOR WITH TWO MEN!

THAT'S HIM!  
I'M GOING UP!



THOSE MEN MUST BE THE SAME ONES WHO TRIED TO GET ME TO SELL THE SIGNALS!

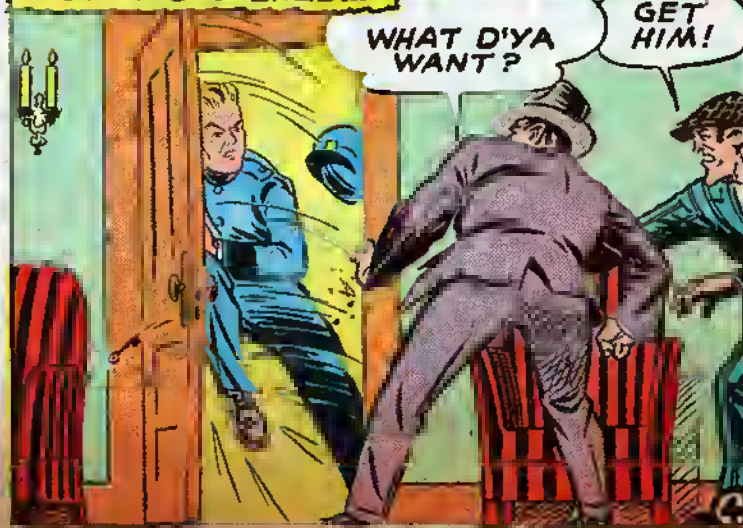
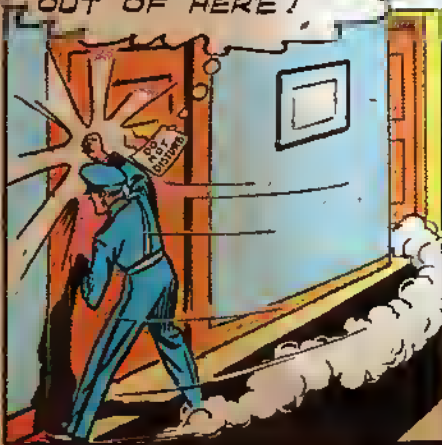


I HATE TO DO THIS... IT MEANS, I WON'T PLAY... BUT THE TEAM NEEDS SOPHER TODAY! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

**W**ITH ONE HEAVE, THE DOOR IS OPENED...

WHAT D'YA WANT?

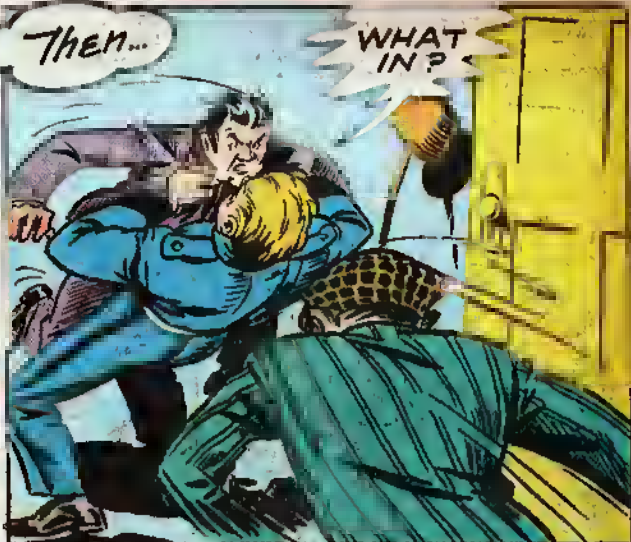
GET HIM!





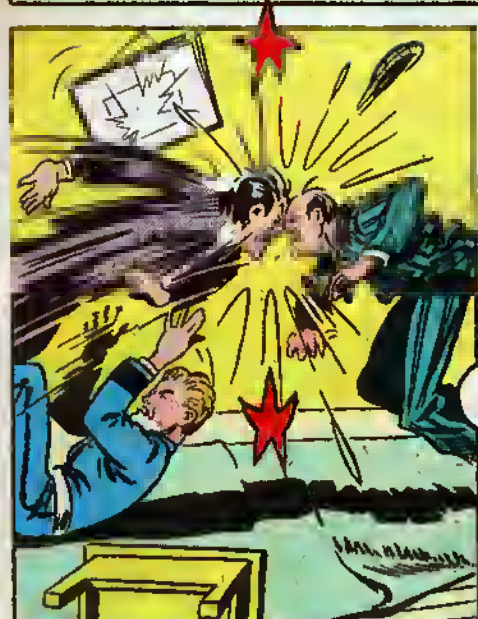


KIT CHARGES STRAIGHT FOR ONE OF THE MEN...



Then...

WHAT IN?



THE CROOKS LOOK AT KIT, FEAR IN THEIR EYES...

WHERE'S SOPHER?

IN THERE!

UPON OPENING THE DOOR, A STRANGE SIGHT MEETS KIT'S EYES!

YOU'RE NOT SOPHER! WHO ARE YOU?



I'M JERRY WHITE... CAPTAIN OF SHERMAN HALL! ARE YOU IN ON THIS GAG?

KIT UNTIES THE YOUTH.

NO! WHAT HAPPENED? I THOUGHT THEY HAD ONE OF OUR LADS!

THEY KIDNAPPED ME! GUESS THEY WANTED YOU CADETS TO WIN!



THOSE BIRDS GOT AWAY!

TOO BAD... BUT LET'S HURRY... OR WE'LL MISS THE GAME!





THE BOYS ARRIVE BEFORE THE WHISTLE BLOWS.

GOOD LUCK, JERRY!  
YOU'LL NEED IT!

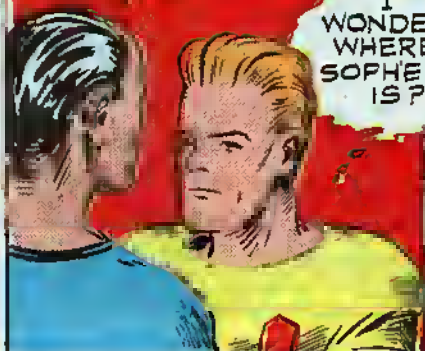
IN A FEW MINUTES,  
YOU'LL WISH  
YOU'D LEFT ME  
A PRISONER!



THE DAUNTON COACH  
CALLS TO KIT...

KIT... SOPHER HASN'T  
RETURNED. YOU'LL  
HAVE TO START AS  
QUARTERBACK!

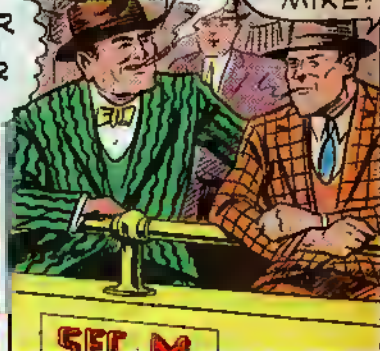
I  
WONDER  
WHERE  
SOPHER  
IS?



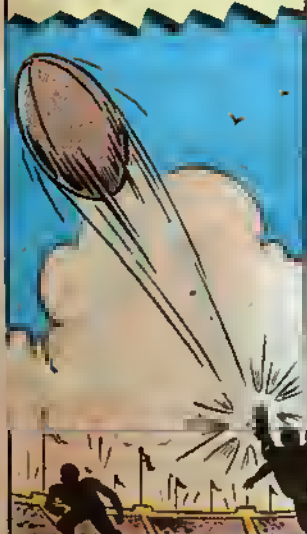
ON THE GRANDSTAND,  
THE GAMBLERS AWAIT  
THE WHISTLE...

WAL... I SEE YOU  
CAME TO SEE  
YOURSELF  
LOSE!

YOU'RE  
WRONG,  
MIKE!



THE GAME IS ON!!



THE CROWD ROARS, AS KIT  
MAKES THE FIRST TACKLE...



SHERMAN HALL  
DAUNTON

1	2	3	4
0	0	0	
0	0	0	

THREE PERIODS  
GONE, KIT,  
AND NO  
SCORE,  
YET!

WE'VE  
GOT TO  
WIN



KIT SIGNALS FOR HIS  
NUMBER.

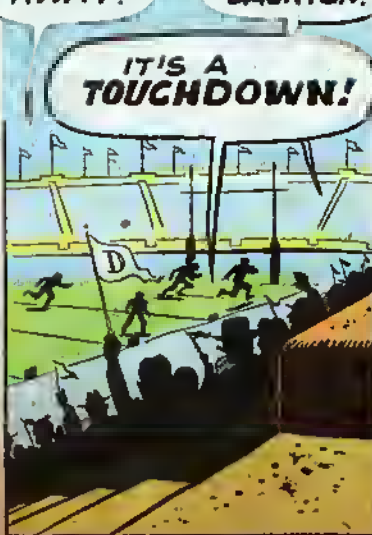
STOP  
HIM!



HE'S  
AWAY!

YAY!  
DAUNTON!

IT'S A  
TOUCHDOWN!



NICE GOING,  
KIT!

WHAT  
A RUN!





THE GAME ENDS WITH A DAUNTON VICTORY, 6-0!

NICE GAME, KIT!

THANKS, JERRY...

SOPHER! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

I WAS KIDNAPPED! I JUST ESCAPED FROM A HOTEL ROOM!

40

SO WAS I... AND THERE ARE THE BOYS THAT DID IT!

THEY'RE THE SAME FELLOWS WHO WERE IN THE HOTEL ROOM!

32

THE GAMBLERS TRY TO GET AWAY... UNSUCCESSFULLY.

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!

WE OUGHT TO TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE!

NO! PLEASE DON'T!

MIKE EBLING APPEARS IN TIME TO HEAR THE ARGUMENT...

SO, LAKEHURST! YOU TRIED TO FIX THE GAME, YOU CHEAT!

SUDDENLY SOPHER STEPS FORWARD...

NO! IT WAS YOU, AND YOUR MEN, WHO KIDNAPPED ME!

YOU CROOK!

AFTER WHISPERING TO EACH OTHER...

WE HAD \$10,000 BET ON THE GAME... WE BOTH CHEATED, SO...

WE'VE DECIDED TO DIVIDE THE MONEY-50-50 FOR THE ATHLETIC FUND - OF EACH SCHOOL.

LATER, ON A TRAIN, CITY BOUND.

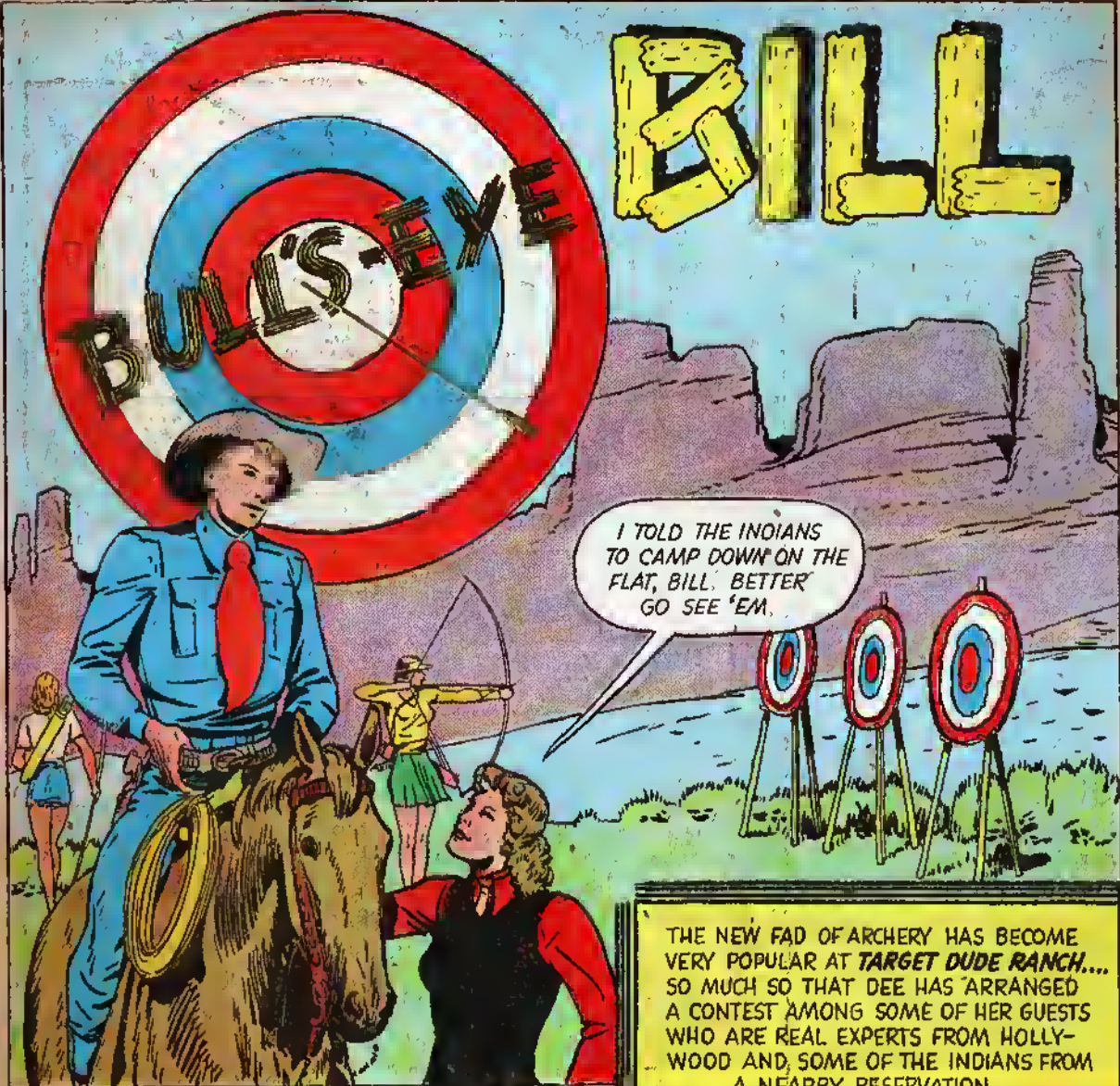
I'LL NEVER GAMBLE AGAIN,

I'LL BET ON THAT, EBLING!

WHAT ODDS WILL YOU GIVE ME?

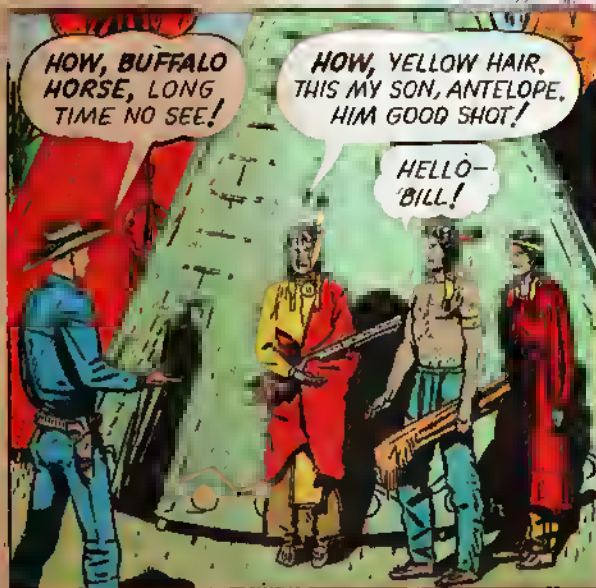
OH, WELL, KIT CARTER IS ALWAYS A GOOD BET! IN **TARGET COMICS!**





I TOLD THE INDIANS  
TO CAMP DOWN ON THE  
FLAT, BILL. BETTER  
GO SEE 'EM.

THE NEW FAD OF ARCHERY HAS BECOME  
VERY POPULAR AT **TARGET DUDE RANCH...**  
SO MUCH SO THAT DEE HAS ARRANGED  
A CONTEST AMONG SOME OF HER GUESTS  
WHO ARE REAL EXPERTS FROM HOLLY-  
WOOD AND, SOME OF THE INDIANS FROM  
A NEARBY RESERVATION.



HOW, BUFFALO  
HORSE, LONG  
TIME NO SEE!

HOW, YELLOW HAIR,  
THIS MY SON, ANTELOPE.  
HIM GOOD SHOT!

HELLO-  
BILL!

**BUFFALO HORSE CONTINUES..**

SOON HE TAKE WIFE -- PRETTY-ON-TOP

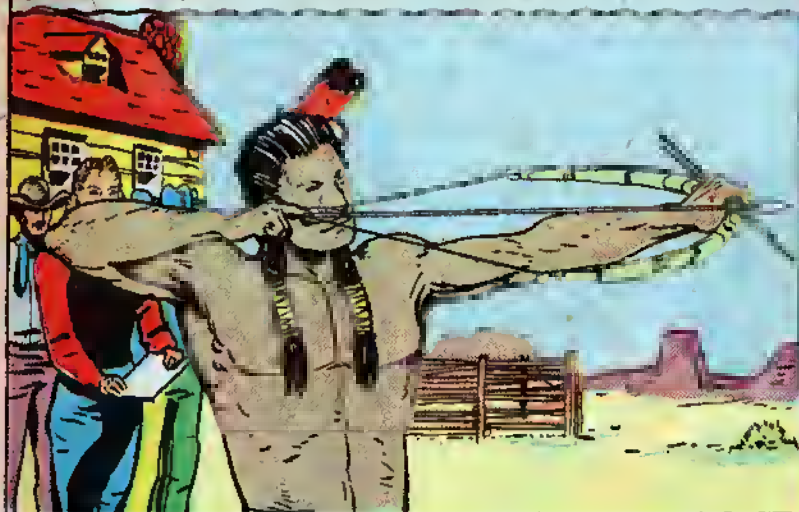
BILL TAUGHT ME  
GOOD ENGLISH WHEN  
I WAS A SMALL BOY!

HELLO,  
BILL!





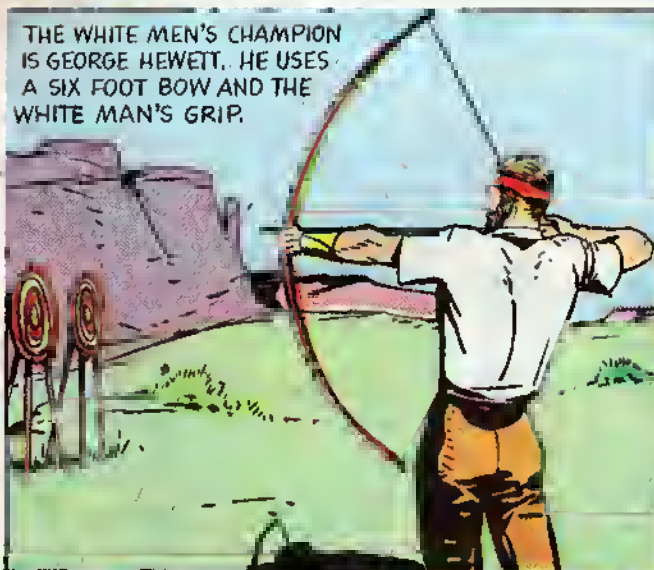
THE CONTEST GETS UNDER WAY AND ANTELOPE PROVES TO BE THE BEST INDIAN ARCHER. HE USES THE OLD-TIME INDIAN GRIP.



HIS WEAPON IS OF BONE STRIPS LASHED WITH RAWHIDE. IT IS SHORT AND POWERFUL.



THE WHITE MEN'S CHAMPION IS GEORGE HEWETT. HE USES A SIX FOOT BOW AND THE WHITE MAN'S GRIP.



THE WHITE MEN ARE PROVING MORE ACCURATE THAN THE INDIANS THOUGH NOT AS POWERFUL.



Suddenly ONE OF THE INDIAN SPECTATORS PITCHES FORWARD—AN ARROW IN HIS HEART!



THAT'S BAO MEAT, THE HALF BREED—KEEP THE CROWD BACK, RAWHIDE. HE'S DEAD!

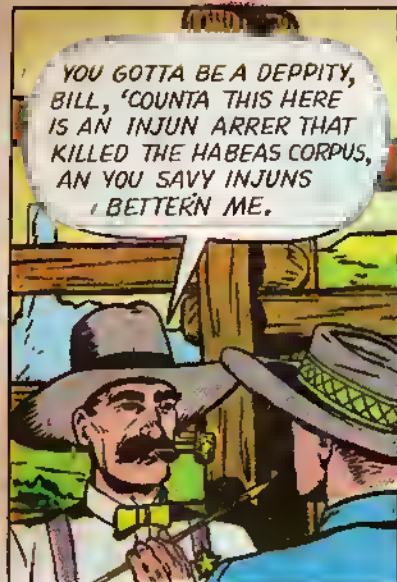


DEE HAS PHONED FOR THE SHERIFF.

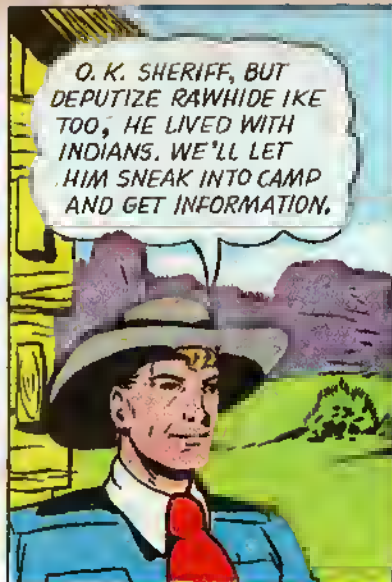
DON'T NOBODY LEAVE THE GROUNDS!







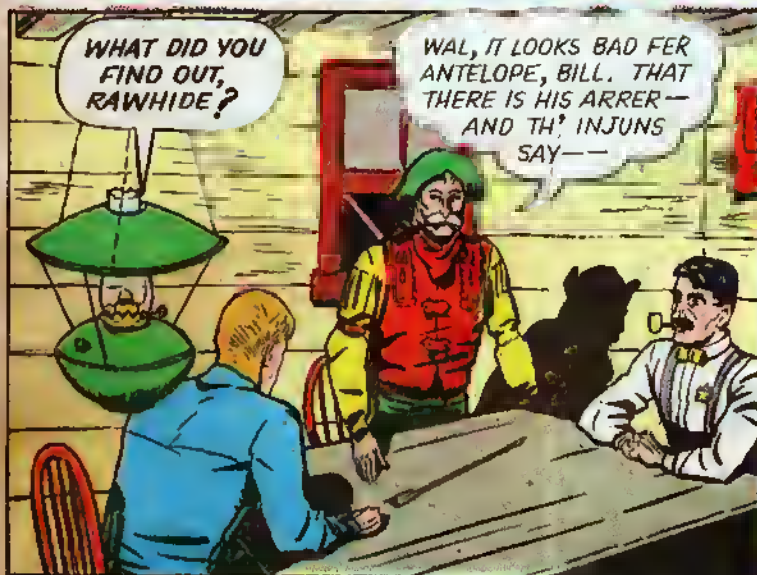
YOU GOTTA BE A DEPPITY,  
BILL, 'COUNTA THIS HERE  
IS AN INJUN ARRER THAT  
KILLED THE HABEAS CORPUS,  
AN YOU SAVY INJUNS  
BETTERN ME.



O. K. SHERIFF, BUT  
DEPUTIZE RAWHIDE IKE  
TOO, HE LIVED WITH  
INDIANS. WE'LL LET  
HIM SNEAK INTO CAMP  
AND GET INFORMATION.



THAT NIGHT RAWHIDE EAVESDROPS  
AMONG THE TEPEES.



WHAT DID YOU  
FIND OUT,  
RAWHIDE?

WAL, IT LOOKS BAD FER  
ANTELOPE, BILL. THAT  
THERE IS HIS ARRER—  
AND TH' INJUNS  
SAY—



RAWHIDE CONTINUES:

—BAD-MEAT WANTED TO  
MARRY "PRETTY-ON-TOP".  
HE HAD MANY HORSES TO  
GIVE TO HER FATHER,  
BUT—



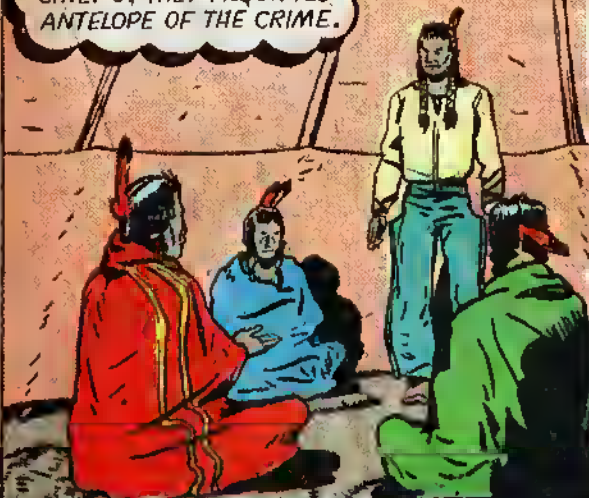
—ONE NIGHT SOMEBODY  
RUN THEM OFF....



HE ACCUSED ANTELOPE  
OF RUNNING OFF THE  
HORSES!



IN A COUNCIL OF THE CHIEF'S, THEY ACQUITTED ANTELOPE OF THE CRIME.



—BUT ONE NIGHT WHEN ANTELOPE WAS RETURNING HOME, SOMEBODY TRIPPED HIS HORSE.



BEFORE HE COULD RISE, HE WAS STABBED IN THE BACK, AND LEFT FOR DEAD, BUT HE CRAWLED HOME AND GOT WELL.



EVERYBODY THINKS BAD-MEAT DONE IT BECAUSE HE DISAPPEARED FOR AWHILE. THEY ALSO SAY HE HAS DONE TIME AT LEAVENWORTH AND WAS A BAD INJUN.



THAT'S ENOUGH FER ME, RAWHIDE! BILL YOU GOTTA GO DOWN THAR AN' BRING MR. ANTELOPE TO TRIAL!

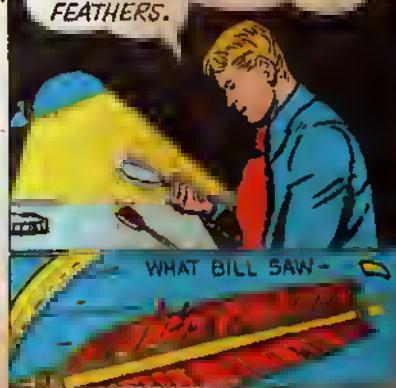


HOLD ON, SHERIFF! I AIN'T SATISFIED. GIMME A LITTLE MORE TIME AN' I'LL OOOPE IT OUT.



BILL USES HIS HEAD ...

BOY, HERE'S SOMETHING! THAT INDIAN ARROW WAS SHOT FROM A WHITE MAN'S BOW! THERE'S RED VELVET OFF THE HAND GRIP ON THE FEATHERS.



WHAT BILL SAW -



I KE, HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE QUEER. THAT ARRER STUCK IN BAD-MEAT AT AN ANGLE LIKE THIS AN' HE FACED THIS AWAY,



BY CRACKY, YER RIGHT, BILL. MUSTA COME FROM A HIGH PLACE!



YEP- A ROOM IN THE RANCH HOUSE, AND I KNOW WHOSE IT IS! THE ONLY MAN OFF THE FIELD AT THE TIME.



YER UNDER ARREST, GEORGE HEWETT! YOU SHOT ANTELOPE'S ARROW WITH YOUR BOW, OUT THAT WINDOW AND KILLED BAO-MEAT!



OH, A WISE GUY, EH! TAKE THAT!



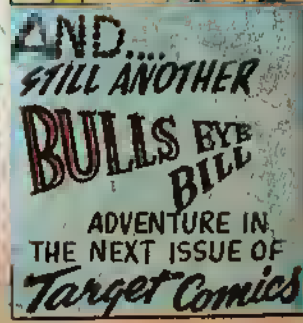
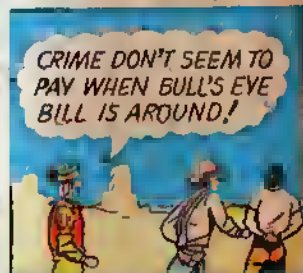
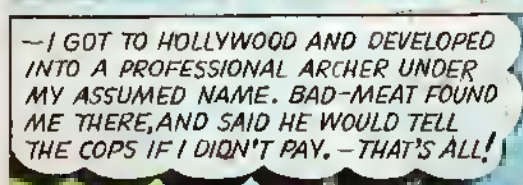
BAM



DON'T HIT ME AGAIN- I'LL CONFESS!









# OUT OF THE SKIES COME...

# SPACE HAWK

## AND THE DISKS OF DEATH

by  
Basil Wolverton



IT IS NOON IN  
SAN FRANCISCO.  
SUDDENLY THE  
SKY IS FILLED  
WITH THOUSANDS  
OF LEAFLETS  
APPEARING  
MYSTERIOUSLY  
OUT OF THE BLUE!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?  
WHO'S SCATTERING  
THESE THINGS?

THIS IS PROBABLY  
SOME HALFWIT'S  
IDEA OF A JOKE!

WARNING!

SAFETY HAZARD  
EXPERIMENTAL  
PROPERTY OF  
GOVERNMENT  
DO NOT TOUCH  
OR MOVE  
UNDER PENALTY  
OF DEATH





# WARNING!

Within a few minutes death and terror will visit this city! It is a sample of the fate that will overtake every city in this nation -- unless all aid to Britain is stopped immediately! Why bring suffering on yourselves? Think it over!

EXCITED THOUSANDS READ THE LEAFLETS...

PEOPLE LOOK UP AND SCREAM IN TERROR!

BUNK! THIS SORT OF THING DOESN'T SCARE ME!

PROPAGANDA! THIS IS NOTHING BUT A SCHEME TO-

LOOK! -- COMING OUT OF THE SKY!

**CRASH!**

A GIGANTIC SHARPE ROARS DOWN WITH THE SPEED OF A METEOR AND PLUNGES INTO THE CITY, KNIFING THRU BUILDINGS AND TOPPLING THEM INTO THE STREETS!



PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE FLEE FROM THE WRECKED ZONE. BUT ONE OUTSTANDING FIGURE, WHO HAS JUST EMERGED FROM A RESTAURANT, CALMLY SURVEYS THE SITUATION...

SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAVE TO HAPPEN JUST WHEN I COME TO EARTH FOR A LITTLE RELAXATION! I MUST GET BACK UP TO MY SHIP!

LOOK AT THAT MAN! HE'S FLYING!

THE FLYING MAN IS THE MYSTERIOUS SPACEHAWK WHO, BY MEANS OF HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT, STREAKS UP TO HIS SPACE-SHIP IN THE STRATOSPHERE, AND FROM THERE SCANS THE SKIES WITH HIS ELECTROSCOPE...

I SEE THE TROUBLE- AND PLENTY OF IT!

FALLING BUILDINGS! A FLYING MAN! I MUST BE GOOFY!

SPACEHAWK'S SHIP ROARS ACROSS THE SKY...

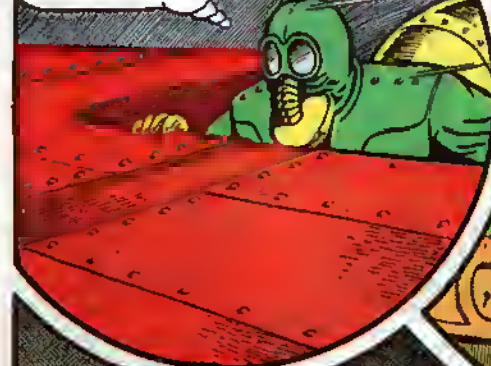
I'M AFRAID SAN FRANCISCO IS IN FOR MORE DESTRUCTION — UNLESS I CAN ACT QUICKLY!

WEARING AN OXYGEN MASK, SO THAT HE CAN BREATHE FREELY IN THE STRATOSPHERE, SPACEHAWK LEAVES HIS SHIP IN THE HANDS OF A MIND-CONTROLLED ROBOT, AND LEAPS DOWN TOWARD THE DESTRUCTIVE THING THAT HOVERS OVER SAN FRANCISCO!



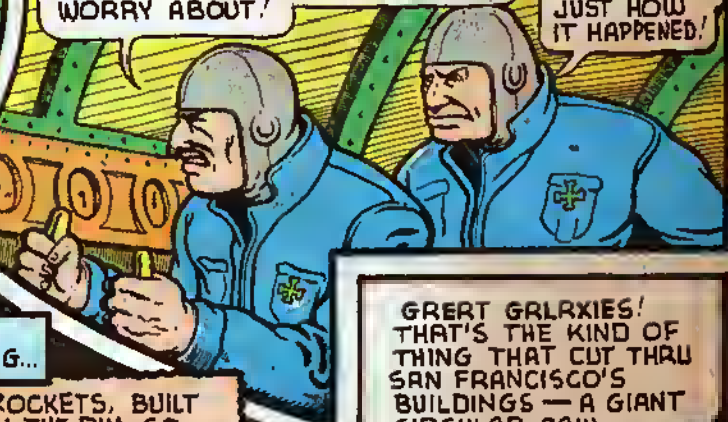


HE LANDS ATOP A STRANGE  
AND GIGANTIC SHIP — A  
VERITABLE "FLYING WING"!



I'LL HIDE  
BACK HERE IN THE  
TAIL ASSEMBLY, AND  
PERHAPS I CAN BURN OFF  
THE PROPELLERS WITH MY  
BLAST GUN!

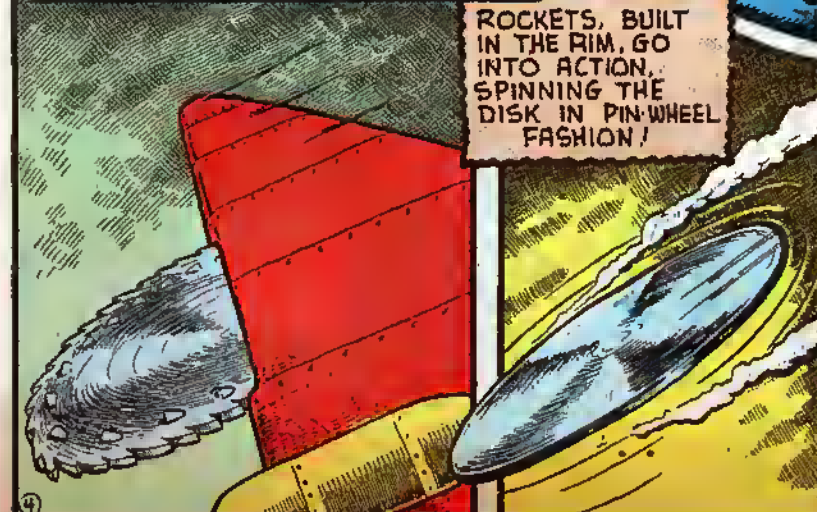
AT THAT MOMENT—  
INSIDE THE SHIP....




NOW TO LAUNCH THE DISK FROM THE  
OTHER WING! THEN BACK TO THE  
FATHEALAND FOR TWO MORE DISKS!  
WE'LL GIVE AMERICA SOMETHING TO  
WORRY ABOUT!

AND THEY'LL  
NEVEA KNOW  
JUST HOW  
IT HAPPENED!

A MAMMOTH SAW-TOOTHED  
DISK SLIPS FROM THE RIGHT WING...



ROCKETS, BUILT  
IN THE RIM, GO  
INTO ACTION,  
SPINNING THE  
DISK IN PIN-WHEEL  
FASHION!



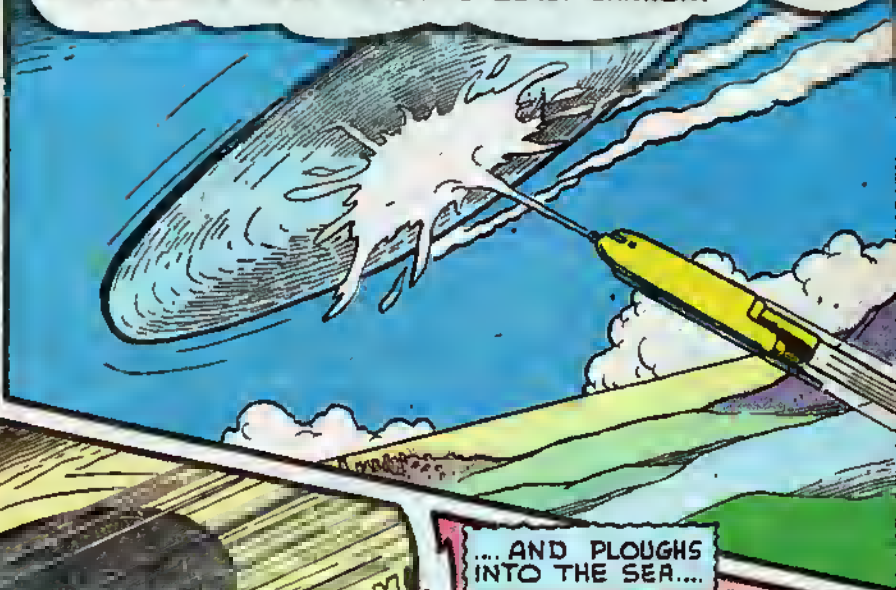
GRETT GLRLXIES!  
THAT'S THE KIND OF  
THING THAT CUT THRU  
SAN FRANCISCO'S  
BUILDINGS — A GIANT  
CIRCULAR SAW  
REVOLVING AT HIGH  
SPEED. WELL — THIS  
ONE ISN'T GOING TO  
STRIKE THE CITY!



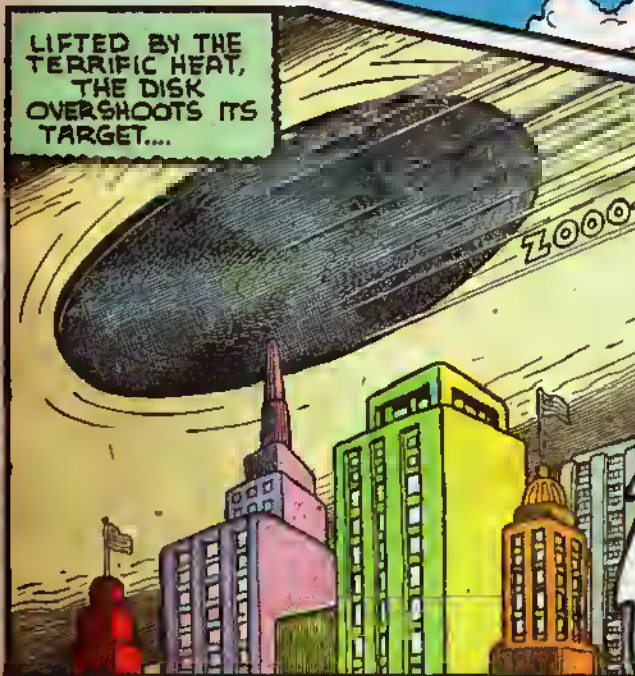
SPACEHAWK FLASHES A  
THOUGHT-  
COMMAND  
TO THE PILOT  
OF HIS SHIP....



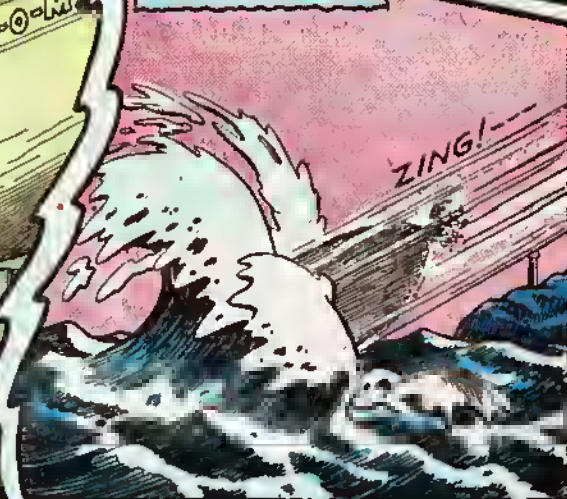
THE ROBOT OBEYS. HE DIVES THE SPACE-SHIP AND ZOOMS  
UP UNDER THE DISK THAT HURTTLES TOWARD SAN FRANCISCO.  
FLAME SPEWS FROM THE SHIP'S BLAST-CANNON.



LIFTED BY THE  
TERRIFIC HEAT,  
THE DISK  
OVERSHOTS ITS  
TARGET....



.... AND PLOUGHS  
INTO THE SEA....



THAT DID IT!  
AND NOW, BEFORE  
I CRASH THIS  
CRATE, I'M GOING  
TO HAVE A LITTLE  
SESSION WITH  
THE CREW!



SPACEHAWK BATTERS HIS WAY  
INTO THE REAR COMPARTMENT  
OF THE CABIN....





STOP HIM BEFORE HE BREAKS INTO THE OTHER COMPARTMENTS!

DON'T WIND YOURSELF, BUD! YOU'RE GOING TO NEED YOUR BREATH!

THE AIR!—IT'S ESCAPING!

HELP! MY LUNGS ARE BURSTING!

UP IN THE CONTROL ROOM....

DIVE HER, QUICK! THERE MUST BE A BREAK IN THE REAR COMPARTMENT! THE AIR GAUGE REGISTERS ZERO FOR THAT SECTION!

THE MIGHTY CRAFT NOSES OVER.....

THEY'RE DIVING DOWN FOR AIR! I CAN'T LET THEM DO THAT!

THE COMMANDER SEES SPACEHAWK COMING THRU THE CORRIDOR....

A STOWAWAY!

I'LL FIX HIM!

SPACEHAWK SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN SPACE AS THE HINGED FLOOR DROPS FROM BENEATH HIM.....



HE MAKES QUICK USE OF HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT, AND SPRINGS BACK UP TO SEIZE THE SHIP'S TAIL....

WHHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WHOEVER THAT WAS, WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF HIM! NOW GO BACK THERE AND FIND OUT WHAT THE TROUBLE IS!

SPACEHAWK CRAWLS BACK UP ON THE SHIP....

SUDDENLY—

THOUGHT YOU'D LOST ME, EH?

IF IT'S FIREWORKS YOU WANT, COME AND GET IT!

SHOOT HIM!

CRASH!

CLUNK!

AND NOW, JUST SO YOU MUGS CAN'T SAY I NEVER DID ANYTHING FOR YOU, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU ALL HOME!

SPACEHAWK PILOTS THE HUGE PLANE BACK INTO THE STRATOSPHERE, AND HEADS FOR EUROPE....

HOURS LATER, HIS KEEN EYES SPOT A VAST, CAMOUFLAGED LANDING FIELD....

THIS MUST BE IT!





HE BOLDLY LANDS AND REMOVES  
THE DAZED AND INJURED CREW.

ALL OUT! THIS IS  
THE END OF THE  
LINE!

AIRPORT OFFICERS  
ARE BEWILDERED....

THE SHIP'S TAKING OFF!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?  
SOME ONE SHOVED THE  
CREW OUT! THEY SEEM TO  
BE HURT!

WHAT'S GOING  
ON HERE?

STOP IT!

DON'T WORRY!  
YOU'LL GET  
YOUR SHIP  
BACK—  
IN PIECES!

SPACEHAWK CIRCLES  
FOR ALTITUDE, THEN  
NOSES THE CRAFT  
STRAIGHT TOWARD  
THE FIELD, AND.....

NOW'S THE TIME  
TO BAIL OUT!

SPACEHAWK ZIPS  
BACK TO THE  
SKY, TO MEET  
HIS SPACE-  
SHIP....

SO LONG,  
KILLERS! NEXT  
TIME YOU  
COME TO THE  
STRATOSPHERE,  
BE SURE TO  
LOOK ME UP!

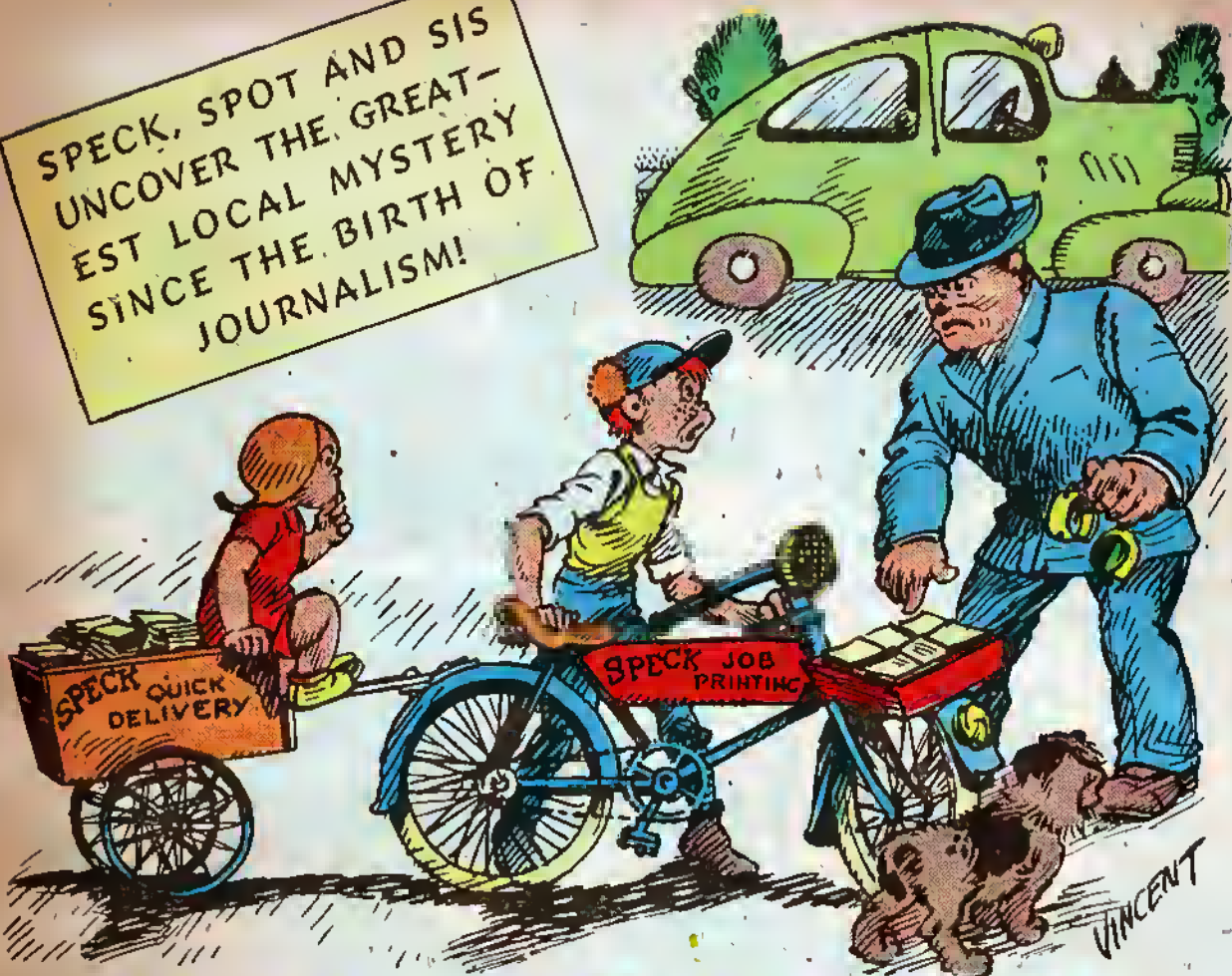
ACH! A BILLION  
MARKS IT COST,  
AND THERE IT  
GOES!

NEXT  
MONTH

**Spacehawk** AGAIN  
COMES TO EARTH FOR A  
RIP-ROARING ADVENTURE IN  
**TARGET COMICS**



SPECK, SPOT AND SIS  
UNCOVER THE GREAT-  
EST LOCAL MYSTERY  
SINCE THE BIRTH OF  
JOURNALISM!



## SPECK TURNS SLEUTH

**H**HEY, KID!" A big man in a dark sedan called in to Speck, busy at work on his second-hand printing press. "How'd you like to do a little printing job for me?"

"Swell!" The face of the jubilant Speck lighted up at this unexpected bit of business. He quickly ran out to the car. "What is it?"

"Here's the copy for a simple bulletin I want printed up. I'm a brush salesman and I want to contact my old customers by mail before I get to their towns. Sort of a gentle reminder. Think you can do it?"

"Sure I can!" Speck liked the looks of the great, dark, smiling man before him. He resolved to do a particularly good job for him.

BY RAY GILL

"Good enough," the man said as he stooped to get back into his automobile, "I'll be around here tomorrow for the proofs—I'll pay you then!"

"YIPPEEE!" Speck ran back into the press room wildly waving the precious piece of paper. "Hey, Spot, Sis! Look what I've got! Let's get to work right away!"

They worked until dark on the brush advertisements, until the slogans, "Make a clean sweep of the community with our brushes!"—and "Watch our brushes bristle as they work!"—stuck in their minds like glue. Speck mulled over these slogans until the work was finished and

they retired to the house.

"How much money is the man going to pay us, Speck?" Sis had the true business approach.

"I don't know yet," Speck suddenly looked worried. "Gosh, suppose he's just playing a trick on us—suppose he doesn't come back in the morning. We'll lose all the money we spent on the paper and ink!"

"See," Sis started to rub it in in her cute little sister manner. "Maybe next time you'll be smart enough to get a deposit."

"Aw! Don't be so mercy-nary, Sis!" Speck didn't want his little sister to think he had done anything dumb. "Besides, he looked like an honest fella..."

"I didn't think so!" Sis always seemed so sure of herself. "He looked sort of big and mysterious



to me—even when he smiled . . . it was more like he was laughing at us, then smiling. Now that I think about it—he almost gave me the creeps when he looked at me for a minute!”

“Ha! Ha!” Speck got a big kick out of Sis’s active imagination. “Next you’ll be telling me he really is a kidnapper, or something. Don’t let your thoughts run away with you like that!”

Squelched, Sis went about her housework, mumbling something about ‘getting even’—and ‘you’ll see’.

Next morning, bright and early, the big sedan beeped its horn in front of the barn where Speck and Sis were already starting to collect the proofs they had spread around to dry overnight. “Got those ready, kids? We’re in a big hurry!” The big man didn’t get out of the car this time.

“Comin’ right up, Sir!” Speck was happy to see that his judgment of human nature was still at par. “Red hot—right off the griddle!”

“Here,” the big man reached out with a few small bills. “Take this for now. I’ll be back this afternoon with these throwaways all folded . . . and with little coupons inside—for a ah, *premium* I’m giving away. Then you kids can distribute them for me . . . and I’ll pay you the rest of the money.” With that he took the proofs and drove off in a cloud of dust.

Sis, standing back in the shadows of the barn was taking all this in. “Humph! Pay us later, will he? Humph!”

**T**RUE to his word, the driver of the big sedan pulled up to the barn that afternoon and the neatly folded broadsides were handed out—with strict instructions for distributing them to as many houses as possible in the next town, the man paid off in full and waved goodbye.

“There!” Speck reprimanded his little sister. “What did I tell you? He came back and paid us in full! Now, maybe, next time

you won’t be so got-darned suspicious of people.”

Sis had no reply.

They industriously went to work and rigged up a trailer on Speck’s bike for the trip to the next town where the folders were to be distributed. Speck arranged so that Sis and Spot could ride in the trailer with the throwaways. All set, they started out.

A few hours later, we find our three young friends almost finished—they have only a few of the circulars left.

“How many have we got now?” Speck called to his assistant.

“Ten . . .” But Sis cut her report off as a large green car came screeching to a stop next to them on the street. Three men jumped out and demanded to know what they were distributing.

Speck explained, but one of the men had already opened one of the folders,—Speck had been careful not to open them for fear of losing the coupons. Suddenly the man roared to his companions. “This is conclusive evidence! These kids are foreign agents! Spies!”

Speck started to laugh—Then he realized that the big fellow—obviously a police detective—was not fooling. Then one of the other detectives spoke. His voice didn’t sound quite so ferocious as that of the first,—but he too, was very serious.

“Come now, Haggarty, certainly you don’t think these kids are really . . .”

“I can only believe what my eyes tell me!” The first detective said. Then turning to Speck and Sis, “Just where did you get these papers?”

Speck swallowed hard and finally blurted out, “Why, we—that is, I printed them . . . why?”

“AH HA!” ‘Ah-ha’d the big fellow. “He admits that he printed them himself! This situation is much too grave and serious to even consider the tender ages of these prisoners!”

“All right, Haggarty, just as you say.” The other detective proceeded to take Speck’s and

Sis’s home address. “I’ll check up on their printing equipment. You take them back to headquarters . . . and get in touch with the F. B. I. immediately! There certainly is conclusive evidence here!”

Speck and Sis—and even little Spot, were whisked away in the big green police car—with their bike and trailer hooked to the rear. They were placed in a dark room in the old police station and told to sit there until the detectives could check on the press and find out if they had really done the printing.

Completely bewildered, Speck tried and tried to figure out what they had done that was so wrong. Finally, he hit on an idea! He called the officer standing guard just outside the large wooden door.

**O**FFICER, please—may I see one of those circulars we—I mean I, was distributing?” Speck didn’t want to get Sis mixed up in it if he could help it.

“Sure, Kid,” the officer handed Speck one of the papers. “But handle it carefully,—it’s *dynamite*.”

Speck, hands trembling, opened the folds—and out fell a strange looking green paper. He picked it up and studied it hard . . . suddenly the stark realization hit him in the face! “Omigosh! Sis, now we’re in for it! We’ve been distributing foreign propaganda! That fellow tricked us into thinking we were just handing out brush advertisements.”

Speck sat down hard on the long wooden bench with Sis. “We’re really in a spot now—and when they find out that we *did* print these things they’ll . . . gosh! What *will* they do?”

**YES, WHAT WILL THE POLICE AND THE F. B. I. DO WITH OUR YOUNG FRIENDS? IT SURE LOOKS BAD FOR THEM NOW!**

To be continued in the next issue.

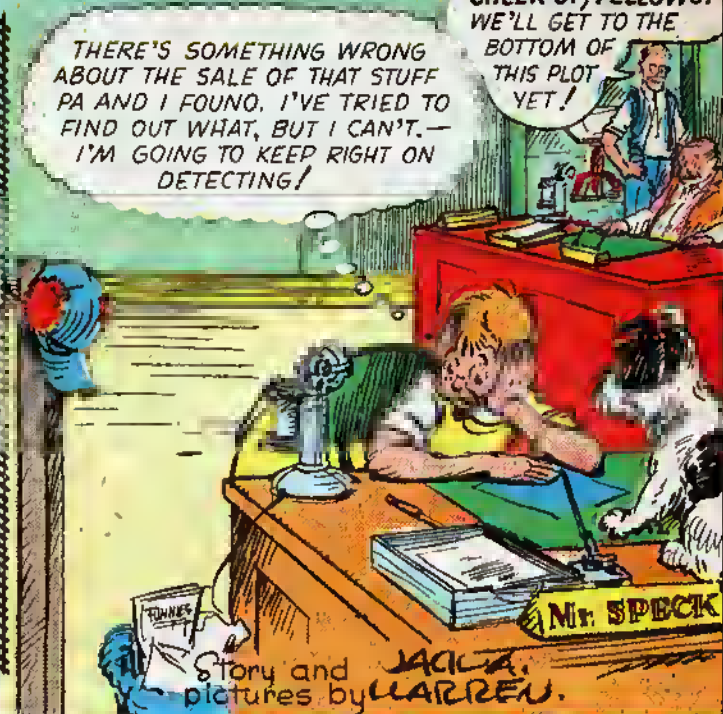


# SPECK SPOT and SIS..

Speck owns a third interest in a printing house that publishes funny magazines.—HE AND HIS FATHER FOUND SOMETHING ON THE BEACH WHICH THEY THOUGHT TO BE VALUABLE, BUT HAVE JUST BEEN TOLD, OVER THE TELEPHONE, THAT IT IS WORTHLESS! ADD ONTO THIS THE FACT THAT HIS BIG SISTER HAS GIVEN UP HER JOB (EXPECTING THE FAMILY TO SUPPLY HER WITH MONEY). SHE IS TRYING TO MAKE Speck BUY HER A SUPER DE-LUXE CAR! SHE SAYS "AND DEFINITELY!"—ISN'T THIS A HEADACHE FOR ANY BIG BUSINESS MAN?

THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT THE SALE OF THAT STUFF PA AND I FOUND. I'VE TRIED TO FIND OUT WHAT, BUT I CAN'T.— I'M GOING TO KEEP RIGHT ON DETECTING!

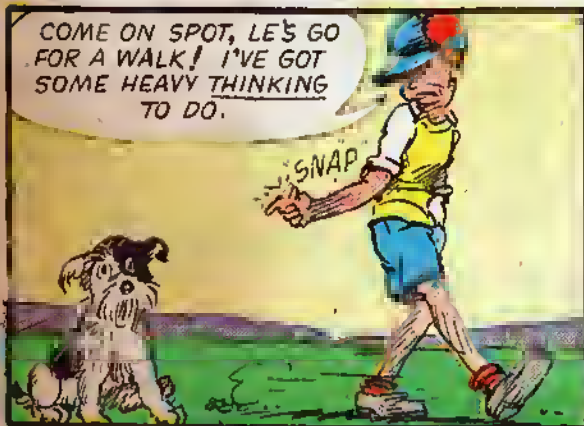
CHEER UP, FELLOWS! WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS PLOT YET!



Story and pictures by JACK WARREN.

COME ON SPOT, LET'S GO FOR A WALK! I'VE GOT SOME HEAVY THINKING TO DO.

Snap



HEY, SPECK! WHERE YE GOIN? I DARE YOU TO WALK OUT TO TH' HAUNTED HOUSE WITH ME.



NOZZIR! NO ONE HAS LIVED IN THIS HAUNTED HOUSE FER A HUNDRED YEARS—I BETCHA, CAUSE EVERY NITE A GHOST WALKS AN' SCREAMS AN' RATTLES CHAINS!

GOSH, IF PA DON'T GET THAT MONEY FROM WHAT WE FOUND ON TH' BEACH, HE'S GONNA BE AWFUL DISAPPOINTED!



WELL, THERE'TIS— THE OLD FOLKS SAY A MAN MURDERED HIS WIFE AN' SEVEN KIDS IN THERE— LONG TIME AGO.









THIS IS WHAT YOU'LL DO...! GET THE KID AND BRING HIM TO ME. I'LL GET RID OF HIM- YOU'LL GET 20% OF THE LOOT!

I WISH I'D BEEN HONEST ON THIS DEAL!

I'LL KILL TH' KID AND FIX TH' BLAME ON THIS OLD BUZZARD AND KEEP TH' MONEY FOR MYSELF!

Sh-h-h- SOMEONE IS OUTSIDE THAT DOOR— SHUT UP- YOU--

OH-H! I'M SCARED! I'M GONNA GET OUT OF HERE!

I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP! MAYBE THIS WILL HELP YOU TO!

**BOOOZ**

NOW TO SEE WHO'S BEHIND THIS DOOR....

**OOPS!**

WELL, WELL! IT'S TH' LITTLE PUNK HIMSELF, TRAILED ME RIGHT TO MY HIDEOUT! TOO BAD--TOO BAD--FOR YOU AND YOUR MUTT!

**HELP!**  
CALL OFF YER DOG!  
BEFORE I KILL HIM

COMERE-- NICE DOGGIE!

WELL, HE GETS Speck, BUT...

Speck and Spot, -IT LOOKS LIKE YOU BOTH ARE GOING TO GET RUBBED OUT! YOU'VE NO IDEA INTO WHOSE CLUTCHES YOU HAVE FALLEN. YOU MAY FIND OUT IN NEXT

ISSUE OF **TARGET** Comics.



DOOM  
OVER  
NEW  
YORK

# LUCKY BYRD

of G-2

by  
FRANK  
CHAMPBELL

LUCKY BYRD, AIRACE OF G-2, IS IN THE MOST HAZARDOUS SPOT IN HIS PERIL-FILLED CAREER, BUT HE DOES NOT KNOW IT, AS YET. ON THE ISLAND OF ST. PIERRE, NEAR NEWFOUNDLAND, HE HAS JUST FOILED THE PLOT OF A DICTATOR COUNTRY TO SPREAD DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON NEW YORK CITY.

HE PLANS TO STEAL A PLANE, AND ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND. BUT, HE IS UNAWARE THAT THE 5TH COLUMN PILOT, WHOM HE IS IMPERSONATING, HAS ESCAPED, AND IS AT THIS VERY MOMENT FLYING TOWARD ST. PIERRE, BRINGING TROUBLE FOR LUCKY BYRD.

AS A RESULT OF LUCKY'S TAMPERING WITH THE RADIO CONTROL MECHANISM, THE FIRST OF THE PILOTLESS FLYING BOMBS WERE DESTROYED.

SOMEHOW OUR PLAN HAS FAILED.

I'LL JUST ABANDON THIS INJURED ACT, NOW THAT MY WORK IS DONE. STEAL A PLANE, AND VANISH!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A PLANE LANDS ON THE FIELD AT ST. PIERRE.

I'M THE REAL SHULTZ! WHERE IS THAT IMPOSTER, LUCKY BYRD?

COME! WE SUSPECTED HIM!

THERE'S THE SNOOPING SPY! SEIZE HIM!

THIS IS BAD! HOW DID HE ESCAPE?



YOU, STOP!

NOT TODAY!

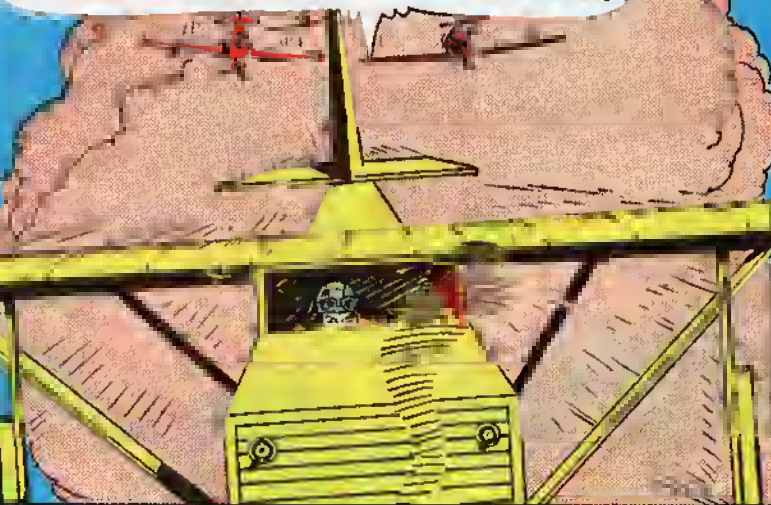
HE RACES ACROSS THE FIELD, AND STEALS A PLANE.

WELL, IT  
TOOK OFF,  
ANYWAY...

AFTER LUCKY  
LEAPS THROUGH  
THE WINDOW—

OTHER PILOTS TAKE TO  
THE AIR, DETERMINED TO  
STOP LUCKY.

THIS OLD FINKLE IS  
NO MATCH FOR THOSE NEW FORNIERS!



OH-OH!  
THERE GOES  
A WING!

AFTER A FORCED LANDING,  
LUCKY SPRINTS AWAY—

I'VE GOT ABOUT ONE  
CHANCE IN A HUNDRED.

CAUGHT IN A RAG-  
ING, MURDEROUS  
CROSSFIRE, LUCKY'S  
PLANE IS DISABLED.



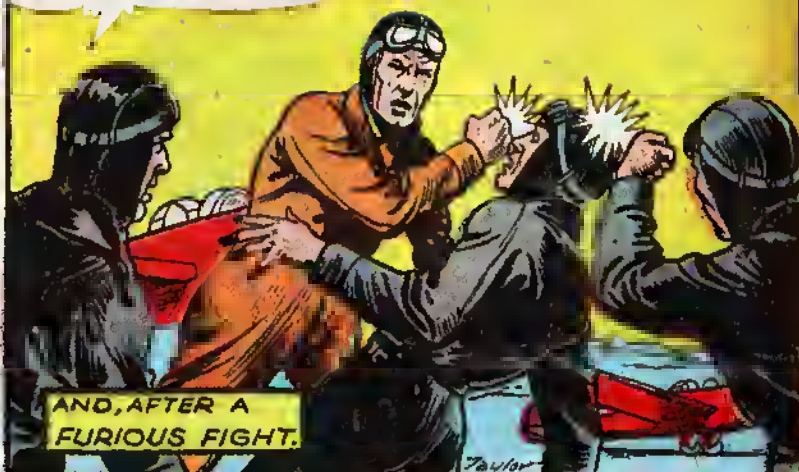


THE 5TH COLUMNISTS  
CLOSE IN ON LUCKY  
FROM ALL SIDES.

SURRENDER! TAKE THE  
SPY ALIVE!



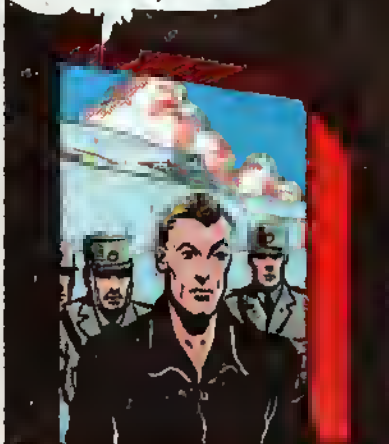
TOUGH FIGHTERS THESE  
AMERICANS, TOO BAD THEY'RE  
NOT ON OUR SIDE.



AND, AFTER A  
FURIOUS FIGHT.

AT THE ENEMY HEAD-  
QUARTERS.

IN THERE, BYRD!



MEANWHILE, IN THE ROOM  
CONTROLLING THE RADIO  
FLOWIN, TELEVISION-EYED  
FLYING BOMBS.

BYRD CROSSED THE WIRES!  
NO WONDER OUR PLANES  
CRASHED. WE'LL FIX THIS  
EASILY.

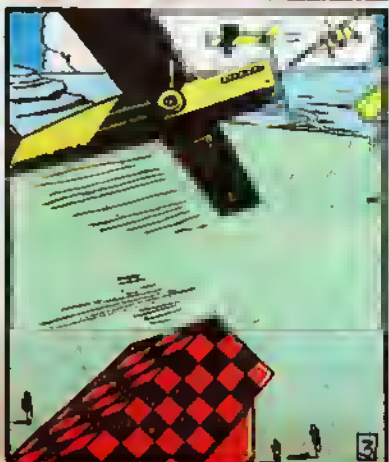


REPAIRS ARE MADE,  
LEADER!

GOOD! NOW  
WE TEST OUR  
FLYING BOMBS  
AGAIN!

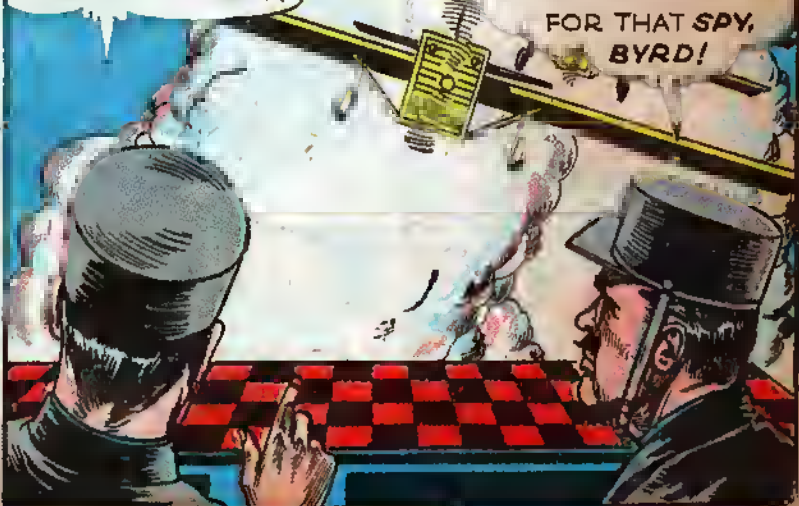


TEN MINUTES LATER,  
PILOTLESS PLANES MA-  
NEUVER OVER HEAD.



GOOD! NEW YORK SHALL  
FEEL OUR MIGHT!

AND I HAVE UN-  
PLEASANT PLANS  
FOR THAT SPY,  
BYRD!





LATER...

AND, BYRD, YOU WILL  
RIDE BACK TO NEW YORK  
IN ONE OF OUR **FLYING  
BOMBS, BOUND AND  
POWERLESS**  
**TO HELP  
YOURSELF.**

DON'T BE  
TOO SURE!



**SEIZE HIM, AND BIND HIS  
HANDS AND FEET WITH  
ADHESIVE TAPE!**

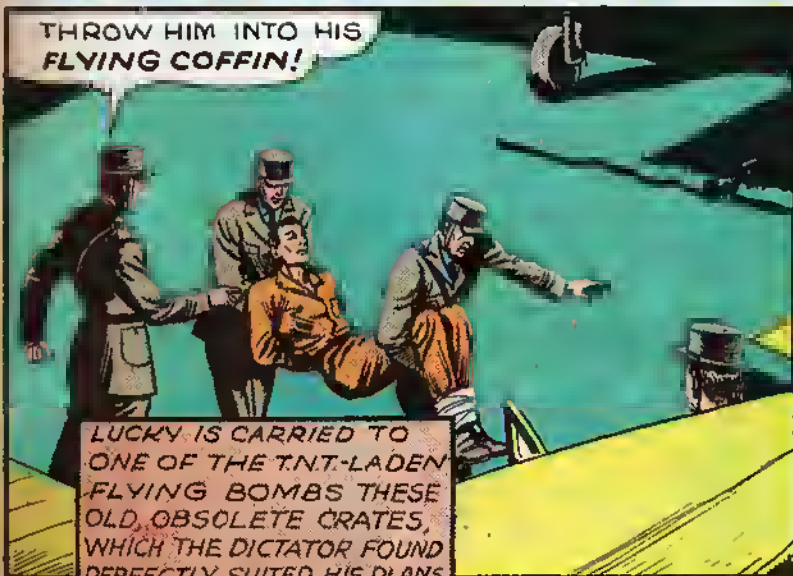


NOW, LET'S SEE YOU GET  
OUT OF THAT, YOU  
**SNOOPING SPY!**

I CAN  
DREAM,  
CAN'T  
I?



THROW HIM INTO HIS  
**FLYING COFFIN!**



LUCKY IS CARRIED TO  
ONE OF THE T.N.T.-LADEN  
FLYING BOMBS THESE  
OLD, OBSOLETE CRATES,  
WHICH THE DICTATOR FOUND  
PERFECTLY SUITED HIS PLANS.

AS LUCKY IS THROWN  
INTO THE PLANE-BOMB HE  
DELIBERATELY KICKS  
OVER A CAN OF GASOLINE.

CLUMSY  
FOOL!

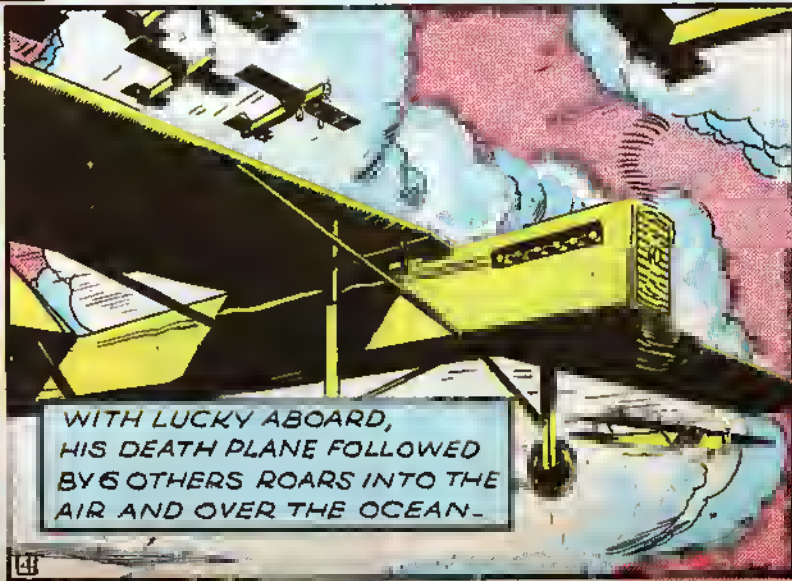
LET HIM LIE  
IN THE GAS  
IT WILL  
MULTIPLY HIS  
DISCOM-  
FORT.



IF I SOAK UP ENOUGH  
GAS INTO THIS ADHESIVE  
TAPE — I MAY BE ABLE TO  
TAKE A HAND IN THIS  
LITTLE GAME!



WITH LUCKY ABOARD,  
HIS DEATH PLANE FOLLOWED  
BY 6 OTHERS ROARS INTO THE  
AIR AND OVER THE OCEAN.



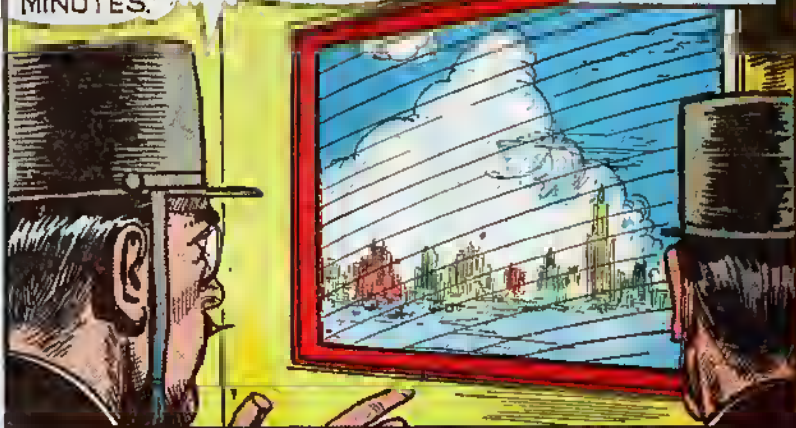


HOURS PASS, AND LUCKY STRAINS AT HIS WRISTS. THE ADHESIVE SLIPS - A LITTLE...

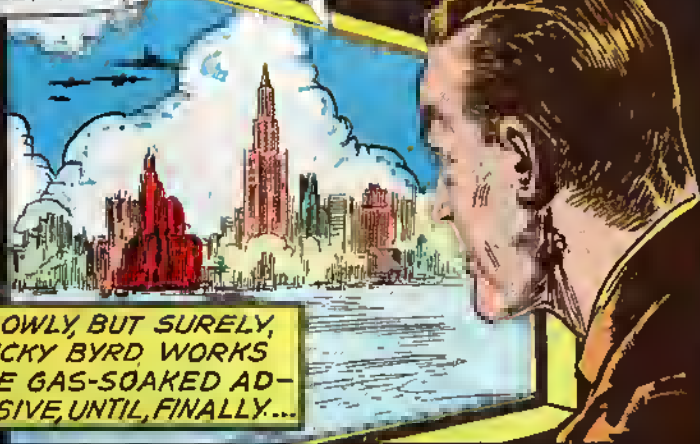


IN THE TELEVISOR, I SEE THE **EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!** OUR **FLYING BOMBS** WILL BE OVER **NEW YORK** IN A FEW MINUTES.

BACK AT THE ISLAND CONTROL ROOM.



**THERE'S** NEW YORK! I MUST GET LOOSE. OUR PATROL PLANES DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE SHIPS REALLY ARE!



SLOWLY, BUT SURELY, LUCKY BYRD WORKS THE GAS-SOAKED ADHESIVE, UNTIL, FINALLY...

**UGH! MADE IT!**

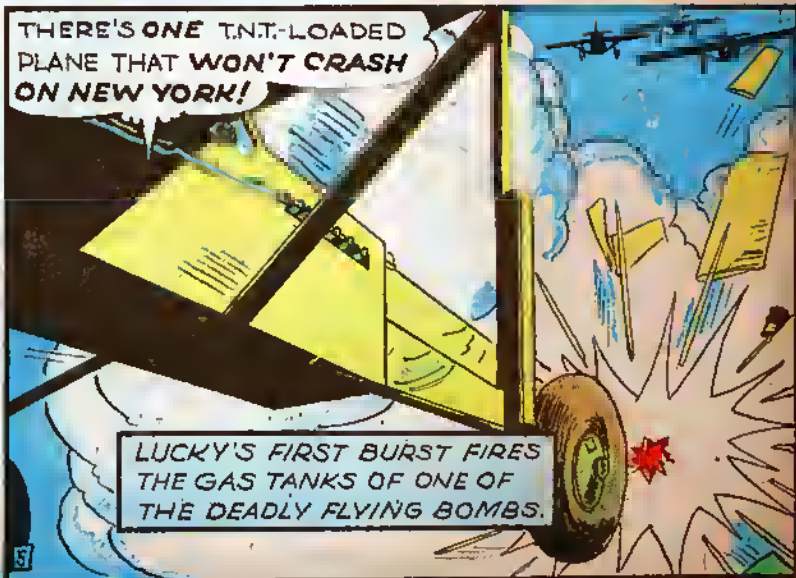


LUCKY TAKES OVER THE CONTROLS, CUTTING OFF THE RADIO PILOT.

**THERE'S** A BREAK! THERE'S SOME **AMMUNITION** IN THESE **MACHINE GUNS!**



THERE'S **ONE** TNT-LOADED PLANE THAT **WON'T CRASH** ON NEW YORK!



LUCKY'S FIRST BURST FIRES THE GAS TANKS OF ONE OF THE DEADLY FLYING BOMBS.



BACK AT ST. PIERRE...

BYRD IS LOOSE! SHOOT-  
ING DOWN  
OUR SHIPS!

GET HIM!

THERE GOES  
ANOTHER!

CRASH ALL SHIPS INTO  
BYRD'S PLANE.

SO! THEY'RE WISE,  
EH?

THE OTHER SHIPS  
RUSH TOWARD  
LUCKY'S PLANE.

TWO MORE DOWN!

BOOM!

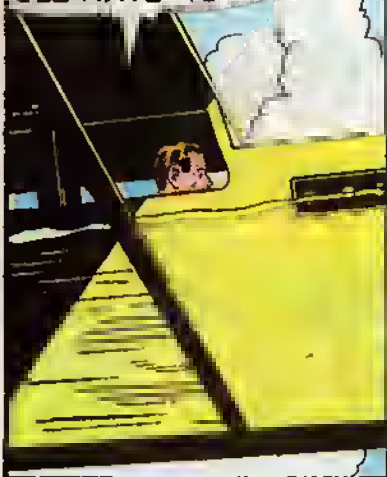
LUCKY SIDE-  
SLIPS, AND  
TWO MORE  
PLANES CRASH  
TOGETHER...

FINALLY, ONLY ONE SHIP IS  
LEFT AND THIS "BOMB"  
TURNS, STREAKS FOR  
NEW YORK...

I'LL HAVE TO GET THAT  
BABY, IF IT CRASHES INTO  
NEW YORK'S STREETS—  
WOW!



CONFOUND IT, I'M OUT  
OF AMMUNITION!  
I'LL HAVE TO-



-DIVE INTO IT!

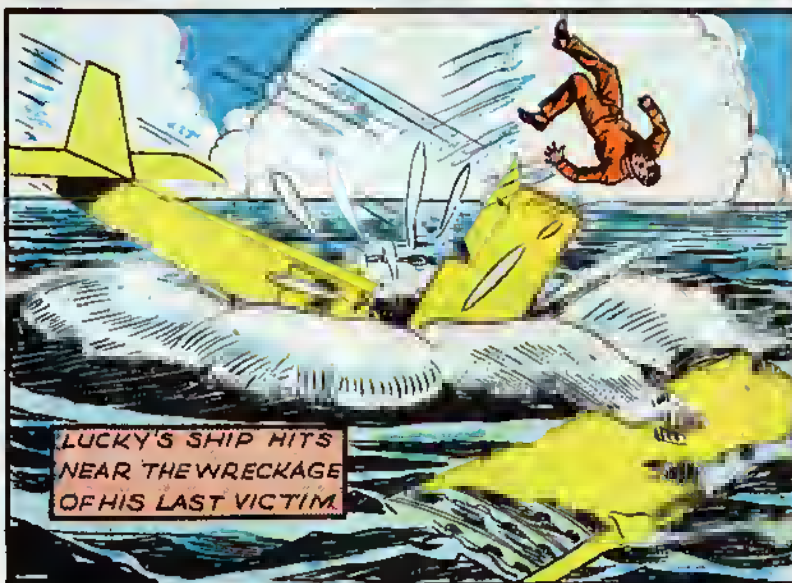


LUCKY'S PROPELLER SHEARS OFF  
THE FLYING BOMB'S TAIL -

-AND THE SHIP CRASHES  
INTO LONG ISLAND SOUND.



MY PROP'S GONE, I CAN'T  
MAKE LAND!

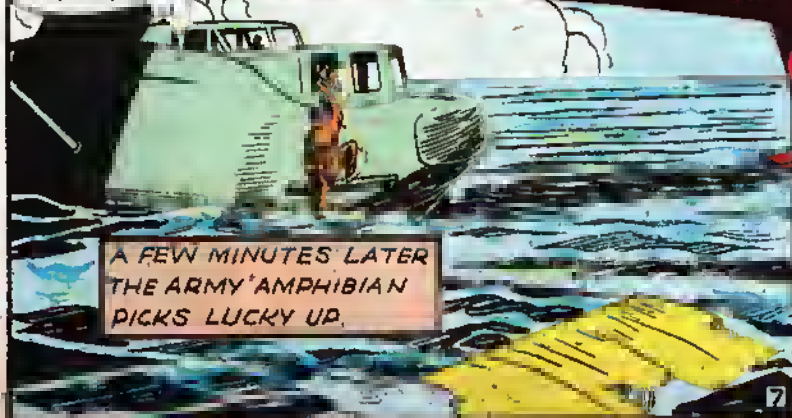


LUCKY'S SHIP HITS  
NEAR THE WRECKAGE  
OF HIS LAST VICTIM.

THIS WING WILL HOLD ME  
UP UNTIL THAT AMPHIBIAN  
SPOTS ME - **HERE** IT COMES  
AND NEW YORK IS **SAVED!**



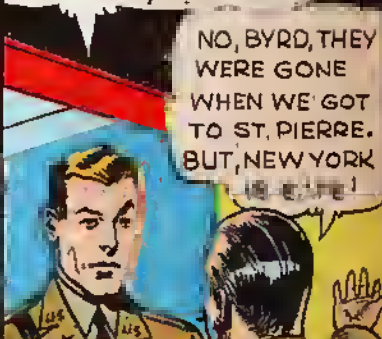
I'M LUCKY BYRD, GET ME TO  
COL. CLIVE IN WASHINGTON!  
WE MAY BE ABLE TO CLEAN  
OUT THAT GANG IN ST.  
PIERRE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER  
THE ARMY AMPHIBIAN  
PICKS LUCKY UP.

THE NEXT MORNING.

ANY LUCK, COL. CLIVE?



NO, BYRD, THEY  
WERE GONE  
WHEN WE GOT  
TO ST. PIERRE.  
BUT, NEW YORK  
IS SAFE!

BUT, IS NEW YORK SAFE?  
THE SUPREME SACRIFICE,  
THE NEXT LUCKY BYRD  
STORY WILL GIVE THE ANSWER!



*A Fantastic Feature Film in Comicolor*

# Treasure Island

By Robert Louis Stevenson

## Part IX

**JIM HAWKINS**, CABIN-BOY ON THE SCHOONER *HISPANIOLA*, IS HELD PRISONER BY THE MUTINIEO CREW IN A BLOCK-HOUSE ON TREASURE ISLAND.

THE SHIP'S OWNER, CAPTAIN, AND DOCTOR, WITH TWO OTHERS, ARE CAMPED SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE THE STOCKADE.

THE MUTINEERS, DISSATISFIED WITH THEIR CAPTAIN, JOHN SILVER, HAVE JUST HANDED HIM AN OMINOUS NOTE. . . .

JIM HAWKINS CONTINUES HIS ADVENTUROUS TALE. . . .

"THIS CREW HAS TIPPED YOU THE BLACK SPOT IN FULL COUNCIL," SAID ONE OF THE PIRATES. "FIRST, YOU'VE MADE A HASH OF THIS CRUISE . . ."

"... SECOND, YOU LET THE ENEMY OUT O' THIS HERE TRAP..."

"WHO BEGAN THIS DANCE?" SILVER DEMANDED. "AH, IT'S A FINE DANCE -- LIKE A HORN-PIPE IN A ROPE'S END AT EX-  
-HIBITION 1884!"





SILVER CAST ON  
THE FLOOR THE  
TREASURE MAP.



THEY LEAPED UPON IT LIKE  
CATS UPON A MOUSE AND  
EXAMINED IT EAGERLY.



"ELECT WHOM YOU PLEASE TO BE YOUR  
CAP'N NOW! I'M DONE WITH IT!"  
CRIED SILVER.

"SILVER!" THEY CRIED, AND  
THEY CHANGED THEIR TUNE!



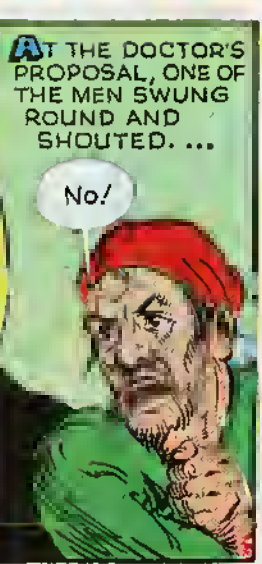
SUDDENLY...  
"BLOCKHOUSE,  
AHoy!"  
A VOICE CRIED.  
IT WAS THE DOCTOR.



WE'VE A LITTLE  
STRANGER HERE  
-- HE! HE!

NOT  
JIM?







I WILL OWN THAT HERE I BEGAN TO WEEP. "JIM, I CAN'T HAVE THIS," THE DOCTOR INTERRUPTED. "WHIP OVER AND WE'LL RUN FOR IT."



"NO," I REPLIED. "YOU KNOW WELL YOU WOULDN'T DO THE THING YOURSELF. I PASSED MY WORD TO SILVER!"



WE RETURNED TO THE STOCKADE.

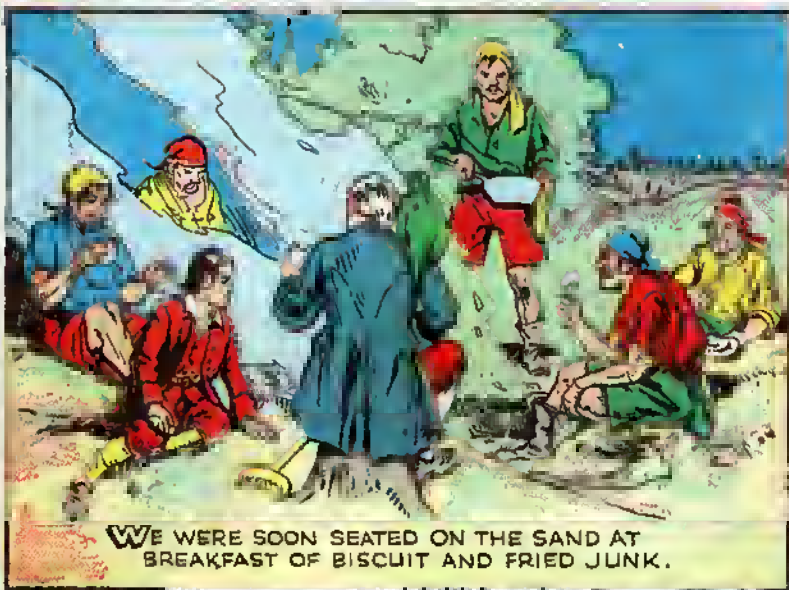
SILVER! DON'T YOU BE IN ANY GREAT HURRY AFTER THAT TREASURE.



FOR ALL THE WORLD I WAS LED LIKE A DANCING BEAR, ON THE HUNT FOR THE TREASURE.



WE WERE SOON SEATED ON THE SAND AT BREAKFAST OF BISCUIT AND FRIED JUNK.



WE TOOK TO THE BOATS AND ROWED TO THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.



WE BEGAN TO ASCEND THE SLOPE TOWARD THE PLATEAU.



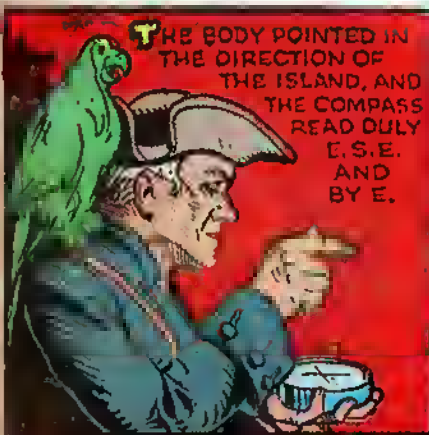




A MAN FAR AHEAD BEGAN TO CRY ALOUD AS IF IN TERROR. THE OTHERS BEGAN TO RUN IN HIS DIRECTION.



AT THE FOOT OF A PINE, A HUMAN SKELETON LAY. A FEW SHREDS OF CLOTHING REMAINED.



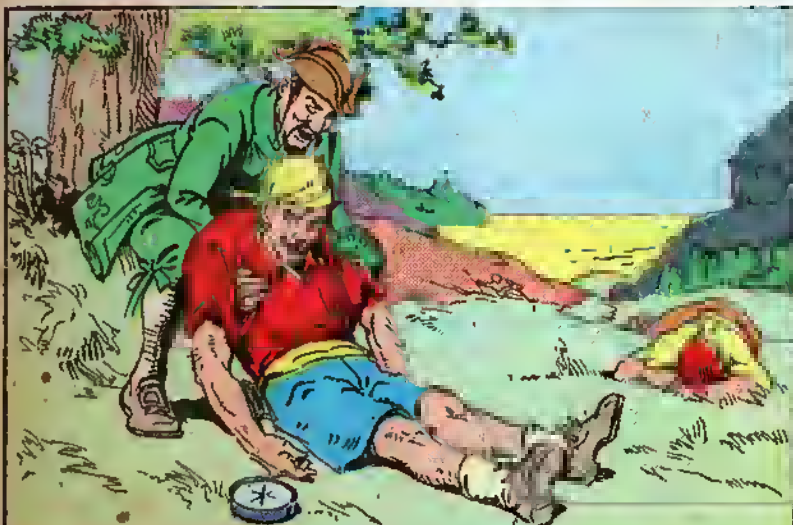
THE BODY POINTED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ISLAND, AND THE COMPASS READ DULY E.S.E. AND BY E.



"HE IS ONE OF FLINT'S JOKES," SAID ONE.



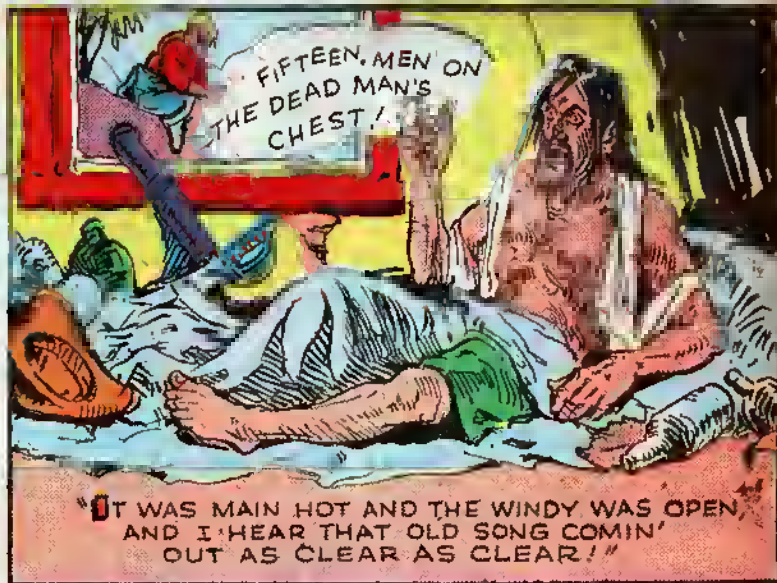
IF EVER A SPIRIT WALKED, IT WOULD BE FLINT'S!



"WE KILLED HIM AND HAULED HIM HERE AND LAID HIM DOWN BY COMPASS, SHIVER MY TIMBERS!"



HE DIED BAD, DID FLINT!  
NOW HE RAGED AND NOW HE  
HOLLERED FOR RUM, AND NOW  
HE SANG! "FIFTEEN MEN"  
WERE HIS ONLY SONG.  
I NEVER LIKES TO HEAR  
IT SINCE.



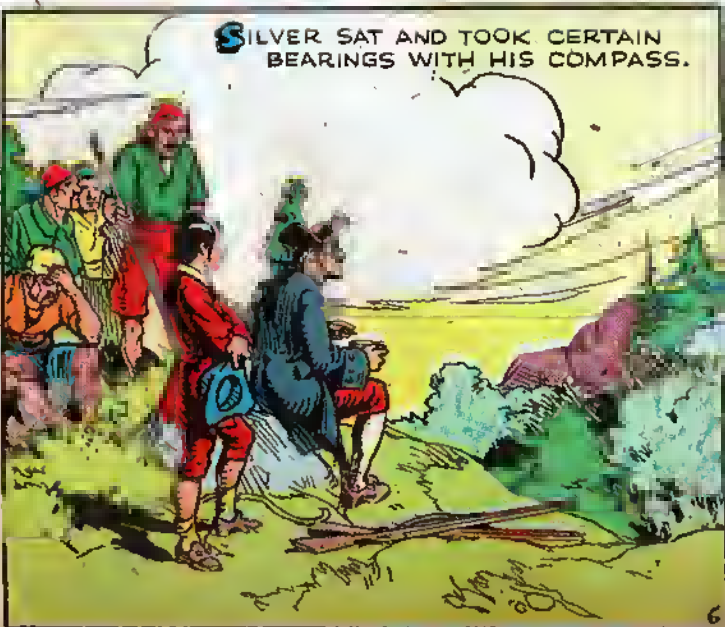
"COME," SAID SILVER,  
"STOW THIS TALK.  
FETCH AHEAD FOR  
THE DOUBLOONS!"



THE TERROR OF THE DEAD  
BUCCANEER HAD FALLEN  
ON THEIR SPIRITS.



SILVER SAT AND TOOK CERTAIN  
BEARINGS WITH HIS COMPASS.



SUDDENLY FROM AMONG THE  
TREES CAME A THIN, HIGH  
VOICE, SINGING: "FIFTEEN MEN  
ON THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST--  
YO-HO-HO, AND A BOTTLE OF RUM!"





# THE WHITE STREAK

## And the RED SEAL

AIEEE!

THE

WHITE STREAK  
AND HIS NEW  
FOUND FRIEND,  
RED SEAL,  
HAVE JUST  
ARRIVED IN  
NEW YORK...

THEY  
PAUSE FOR  
A MOMENT  
TO WATCH  
THE OFFICIAL  
OPENING OF  
TREMONT  
TOWERS,  
THE  
NEWEST  
AND  
TALLEST  
SKYSCRAPER  
MAN EVER  
BUILT...

SUDDENLY!

AMID THE FRIGHTENED SCREAMS OF  
THE SPECTATORS, THE WORKINGMAN'S  
BODY LANDS AT THE FEET OF MARTIN  
TREMONT, OWNER OF TREMONT TOWERS...

GOOD LORO!



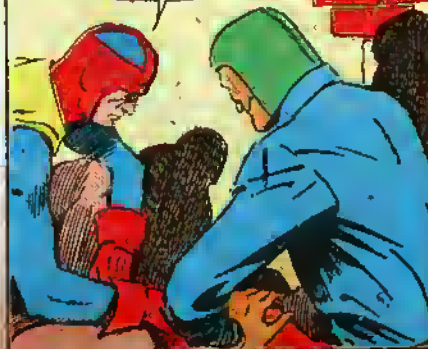
WATCH OUT!  
HE'S FALLING!

EEEEK!

WHITE STREAK  
AND RED SEAL  
CROWD AROUND  
THE STRICKEN  
MAN...

HE DIDN'T SLIP... THIS CARD  
PROVES THAT!

WHAT DOES  
IT SAY?



STREAK TURNS TO  
MARTIN TREMONT.

...IT SAYS "YOU CAUSED  
THIS, MR. TREMONT!"

HMM... SO, HE  
REALLY  
MEANT  
IT!





Later



I BROUGHT YOU UP HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT THAT! I BELIEVE WILLIAM SPEARING, THE ARCHITECT WHO DESIGNED TREMONT TOWERS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WORKER'S DEATH!

WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY SAYING "SO HE REALLY MEANT IT?"

WORKER'S DEATH!

BILL...ER... SPEARING HAD AN OBSESSION THAT MY BUILDING WAS HIS! AFTER IT WAS COMPLETED, OF COURSE! HE VOWED HE'D SEE TO IT THAT NO-ONE WOULD STAY IN AN OFFICE HERE UNLESS I TURNED IT OVER TO HIM!



FIRE ALARM!

NATURALLY, I REFUSED HIS RIDICULOUS DEMAND... BUT, NOW I'M AFRAID... WHAT'S THAT?

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!



THE TRIO DART DOWN THE STAIRWAY TO THE NEXT FLOOR

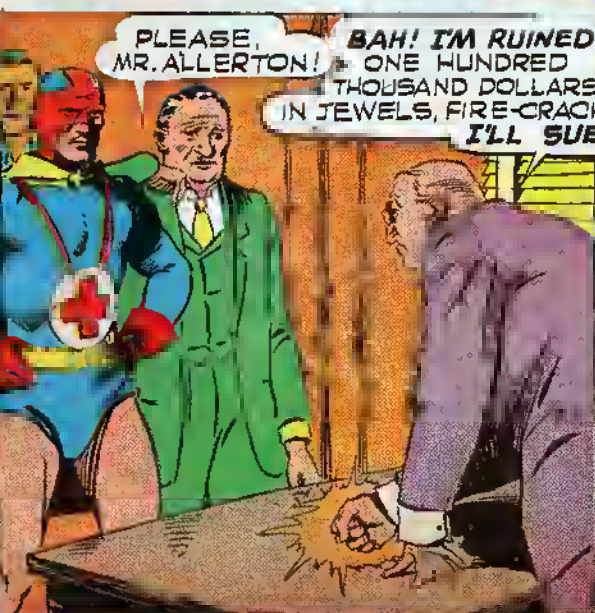
DON'T WORRY! IT CAN'T SPREAD! THE BUILDING'S FIRE PROOFED!



...INTO A FIRE-SEARED OFFICE OF THE ALLERTON JEWELLERS.

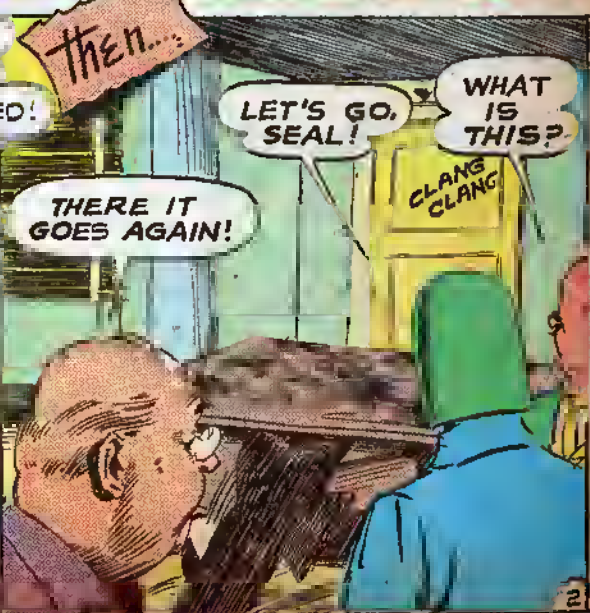
A MAN IN AN ASBESTOS SUIT AND USING A HORRIBLE FLAME THROWER DID IT! I SAW HIM!

WHA?



PLEASE, MR. ALLERTON!

BAH! I'M RUINED! ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN JEWELS, FIRE-CRACKED! I'LL SUE!



Then...

LET'S GO, SEAL!

WHAT IS THIS?

THERE IT GOES AGAIN!

CLANG CLANG



**R**ED SEAL AND WHITE STREAK  
SPEED FOR A DOORWAY WHERE  
HUGE ROLLS OF SMOKE  
BELLOW OUT!

THIS IS  
IT!

PETITE  
DRESS  
SHOP

...A STAGGERING FORM  
REELS OUT!

COUGH!  
COUGH!  
AGH!

**A** VOLLEY OF STINGING  
ACCUSATIONS FLOWS  
FROM THE MAN'S LIPS!

MY CREATIONS! MY  
DRESSES! I'M  
RUINED!

**S**oon... OTHER TENANTS JOIN IN HARSH PROTEST...

THE BUILDING'S  
JINXED!

LET'S BREAK  
OUR  
LEASES!

PLEASE,  
GENTLEMEN!

**P**OLICE AND FIREMEN  
ARRIVE...

THERE'S A  
FIRE-BUG  
LOOSE  
IN THE  
BUILDING!

C'MON,  
SEAL!

**the TWO CRIME SMASH-  
ERS ENTER THE  
CHARRED DRESS SHOP.**

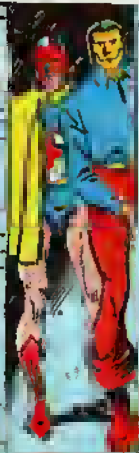
LOOK, STREAK!  
OIL THAT  
DIDN'T BURN.

THE OIL TRAIL HEADS  
TO THIS WALL, AND  
THEN STOPS!

MEANING  
ONE  
THING...



**A SECRET PANEL!  
AND HERE IT IS!**



**SEAL BEARS TO THE  
RIGHT AND STREAK  
TO THE LEFT...**

**WE'LL MEET  
HERE,  
LATER!**

**RIGHT!**



**AFTER A SHORT DIS-  
TANCE, SEAL COMES  
UPON A BLANK WALL.**

**THERE MUST BE  
ANOTHER SECRET  
PANEL HERE! AM I  
THIS RING... I'LL  
PULL IT!**



**JUST AS I THOUGHT!  
IT'S OPENING...**

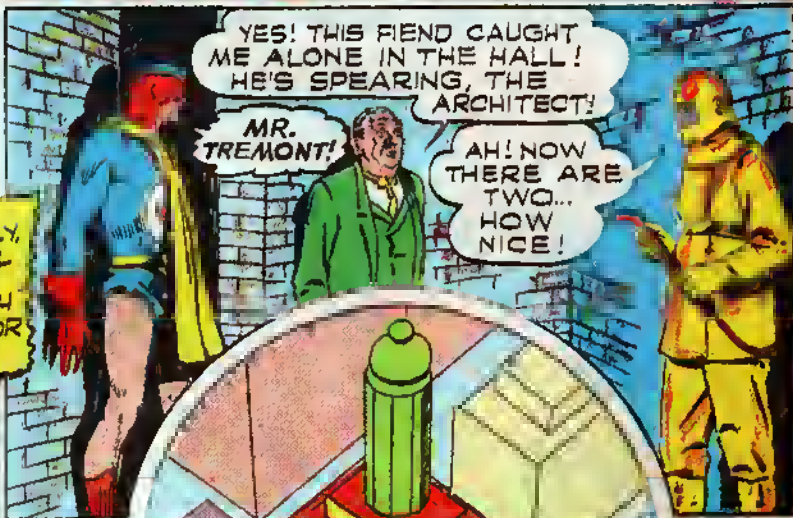


**STEALTHILY,  
RED SEAL  
ENTERS  
THROUGH  
THE DOOR  
AND...**

**YES! THIS FIEND CAUGHT  
ME ALONE IN THE HALL!  
HE'S SPEARING, THE  
ARCHITECT!**

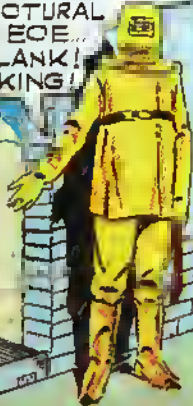
**MR.  
TREMONT!**

**AH! NOW  
THERE ARE  
TWO...  
HOW  
NICE!**



**AN ASBESTOS GLOVED  
HAND DARTS FOR A  
SWITCH... THEN...**

**GENTLEMEN...OBSERVE!  
MY ARCHITECTURAL  
MASTERPIECE...  
A GANG-PLANK!  
START WALKING!**



**A-ARE YOU MAD?  
WE'RE ONE HUNDRED  
FLOORS ABOVE  
THE GROUND!**

**HAH! HAH! HAH!  
YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN  
TO ME BEFORE! NOW I  
HOLD THE CARDS!  
WALK!**





**AS** THE TWO MEN EDGE FORWARD ON THE GANG PLANK, THE FLAME-THROWER TURNS ON HIS APPARATUS... LIGHTLY AT FIRST...



YOU'RE TOO SLOW!  
FASTER! HAH!

**Then... FULL BLAST!**



HAH!  
YOU'LL  
JUMP  
NOW!

DUCK!

**SUDDENLY... A FLASHING FIGURE CUTS THE AIR! A BUNDLE OF DYNAMIC FURY, THE WHITE STREAK!**



OH, NO YOU OON'T,  
FIRE-MAN!

**The** FLAME DIES AS WHITE STREAK AND THE FLAME THROWER THRASH IT OUT!



YOU'RE TOO OLD  
TO PLAY WITH  
FIRE... SO...



WE'LL PUT  
YOU  
OUT!

CRACK!

**The** ASBESTOS COVERING PROTECTS THE FLAME-THROWER, WHO LASHES OUT FURIOUSLY WITH THE NOZZLE...



TOO BAD  
IT DIDN'T  
WORK! BUT  
THIS WILL,  
ON YOU!

**STREAK** IS STRIVING TO REGAIN HIS FEET AS THE FLAME-THROWER POINTS THE NOZZLE AT HIM!



O-O-O-H!

NOW  
YOU'LL  
TASTE  
FLAME!





**BUT... THE FLAME-THROWER  
HAS FORGOTTEN ABOUT  
RED SEAL!**

THAT'S WHAT  
YOU THINK!

HEY!



**But...**

OOF!

UPSA,  
DAISY!



**QUICK WITTEDLY... THE  
FLAME-THROWER SNAPS  
HIS FRAME AND...**



SPOIL MY GAME,  
WILL YOU?

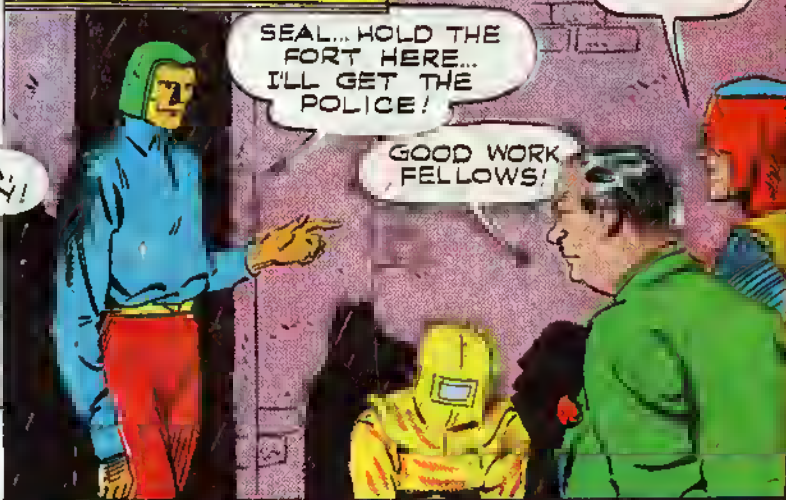


... THE FLAME-THROWER  
IS OUT!

SEAL... HOLD THE  
FORT HERE...  
I'LL GET THE  
POLICE!

RIGHT!

GOOD WORK  
FELLOWS!



**OUTSIDE IN THE HALL...**

WE'VE GOT THE FIRE-  
BUG TRAPPED IN  
HERE!

LET'S GO!

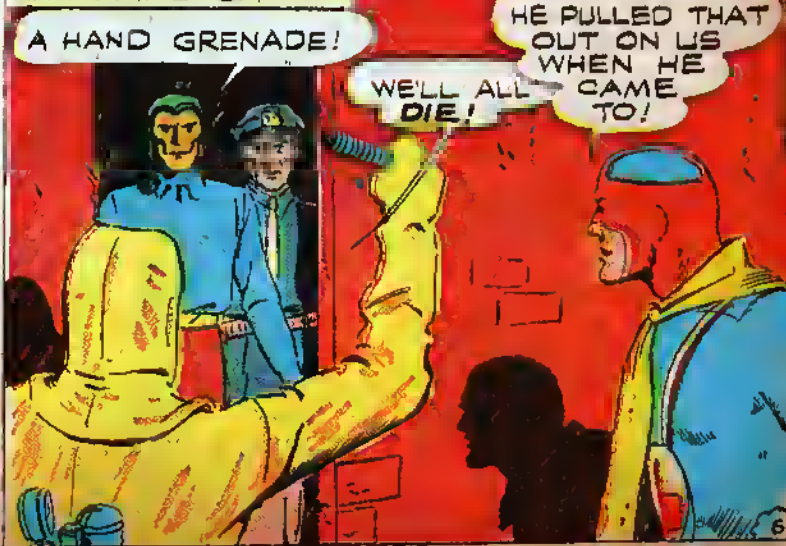


**BUT THEY RETURN, ONLY TO ENCOUNTER AN  
APPALLING SIGHT!**

A HAND GRENADE!

HE PULLED THAT  
OUT ON US  
WHEN HE  
CAME  
TO!

WE'LL ALL  
DIE!

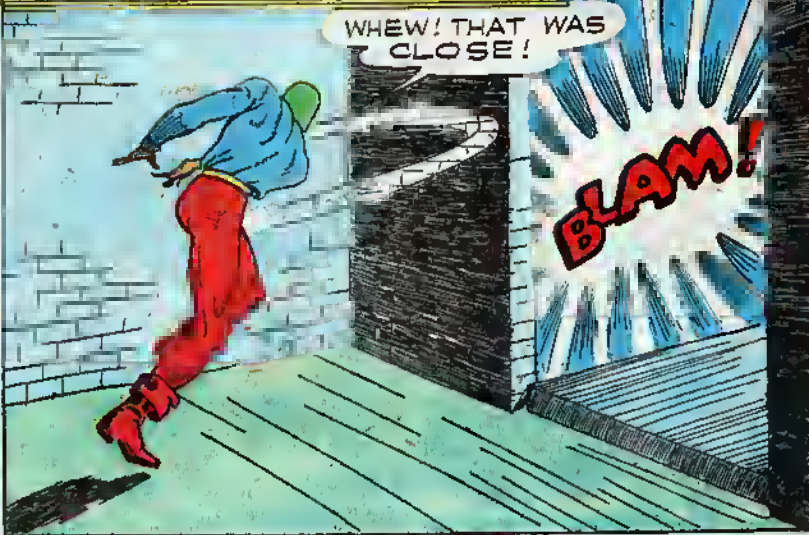




**WITH BOMBER SPEED, WHITE STREAK LASHES OUT.**



**THE GRENADE IS FLUNG OUT THE BREACH IN THE WALL...**



**THE "ARSONIST" IS UNMASKED!**



**HA! HA! YOU CAN'T TAKE ME! THE BUILDING'S MINE! THE GUY'S DAFT! HA! HA!**



**SUDDENLY...THE DEMENTED FIRE-BUG ARCHES UP!...**



**...AND THEN CATAPULTS FROM THE GANG-PLANK.**



**IT WAS HIS ONLY WAY OUT! WELL, I'LL BE! WHAT A GHASTLY END!**



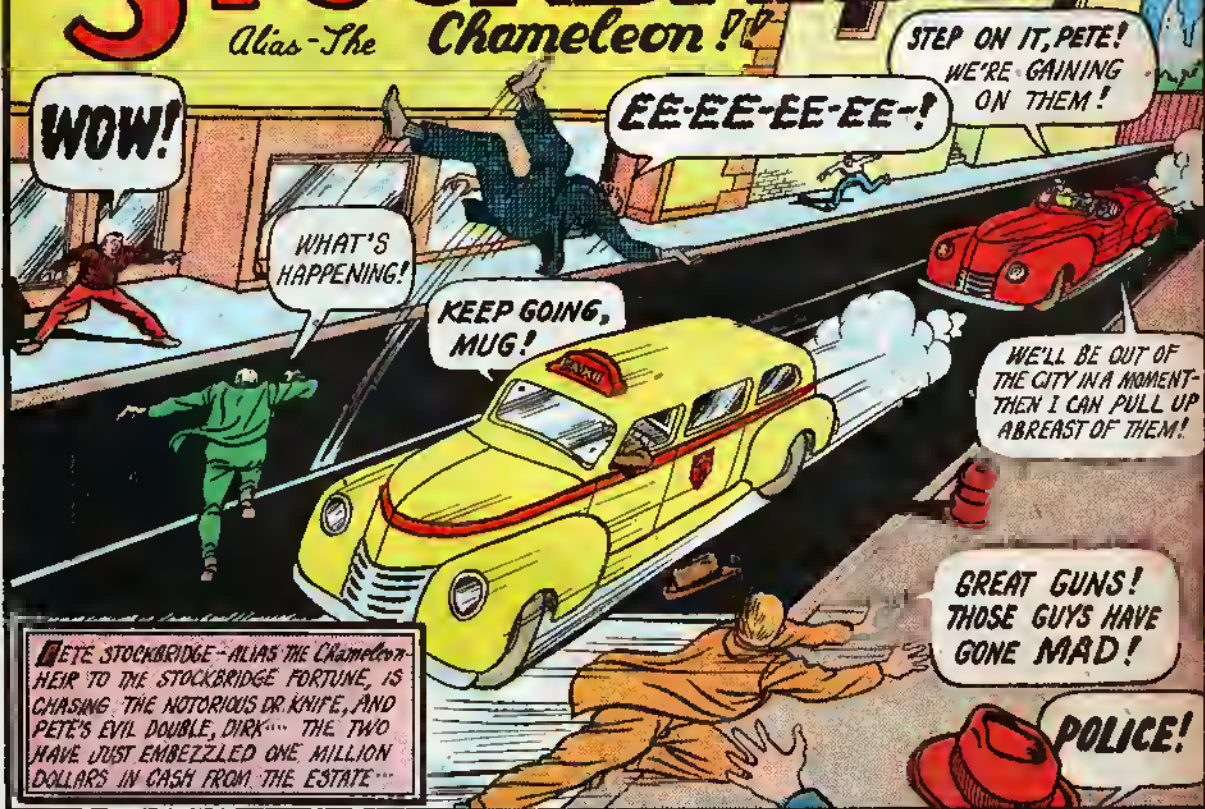
**THE WHITE STREAK AND THE RED SEAL HAVE APPEARED EXCLUSIVELY IN TARGET COMICS!**



# PETE STOCKBRIDGE

Alias - The Chameleon!

By Bob Davis



WOW!

WHAT'S HAPPENING!

KEEP GOING, MUG!

EE-EE-EE-EE-!

STEP ON IT, PETE!  
WE'RE GAINING ON THEM!

WE'LL BE OUT OF THE CITY IN A MOMENT— THEN I CAN PULL UP AHEAD OF THEM!

GREAT GUNS! THOSE GUYS HAVE GONE MAD!

POLICE!

PETE STOCKBRIDGE—ALIAS THE CHAMELEON—HEIR TO THE STOCKBRIDGE FORTUNE, IS CHASING THE NOTORIOUS DR. KNIFE, AND PETE'S EVIL DOUBLE, DIRK... THE TWO HAVE JUST EMBEZZLED ONE MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH FROM THE ESTATE...

RAGSY MURPHY—AN ORPHANED GUTTER KID, WHO BEFRIENDED PETE, EXCITEDLY URGES HIM ON.

WELL, ONE THING IS SURE, PETE! WE SQUELCHED DAT RACKET OF DEM GUYS TRYING TO PUT DIRK IN AS DA REAL PETE STOCKBRIDGE!!

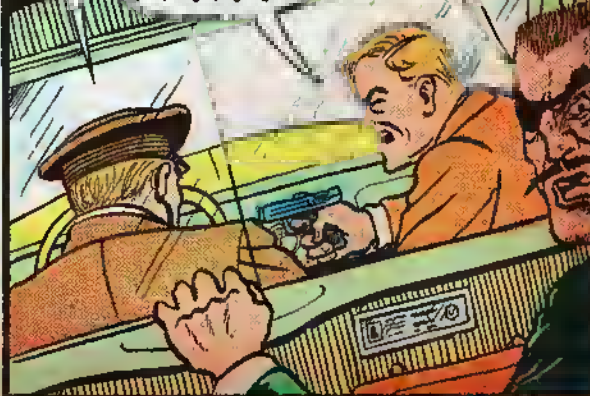
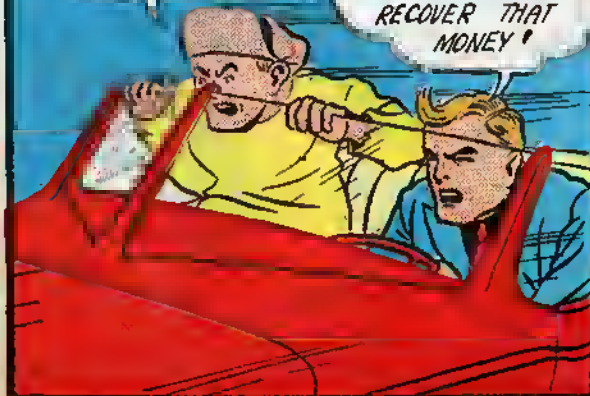
RIGHT! AND YOU'LL GET A FAT REWARD, KID IF WE RECOVER THAT MONEY!

IN THE CAB AHEAD, THE DRIVER BEGINS TO REVOLT AT THIS WILD RIDE

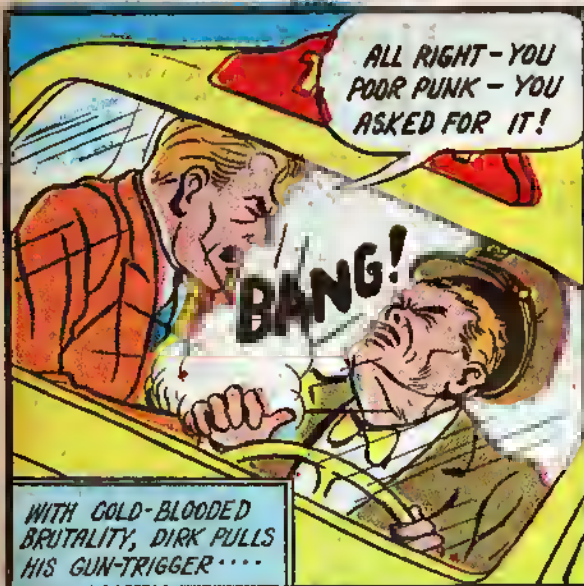
LISTEN— YOU GUYS!

THEY'RE STILL BEHIND US! DIRK— TAKE OVER!!

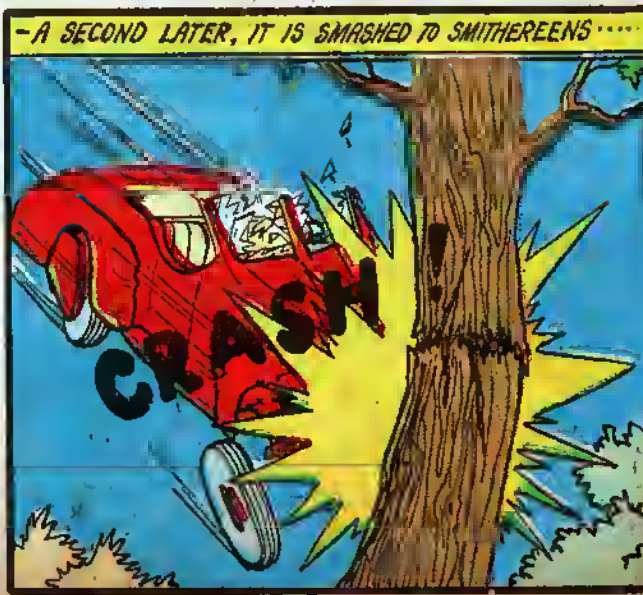
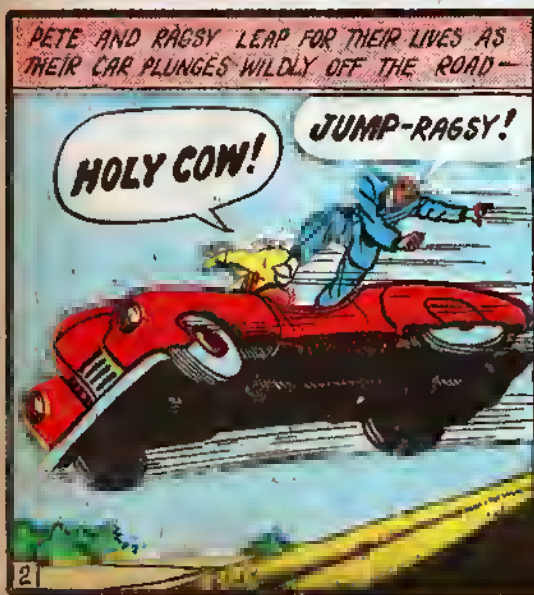
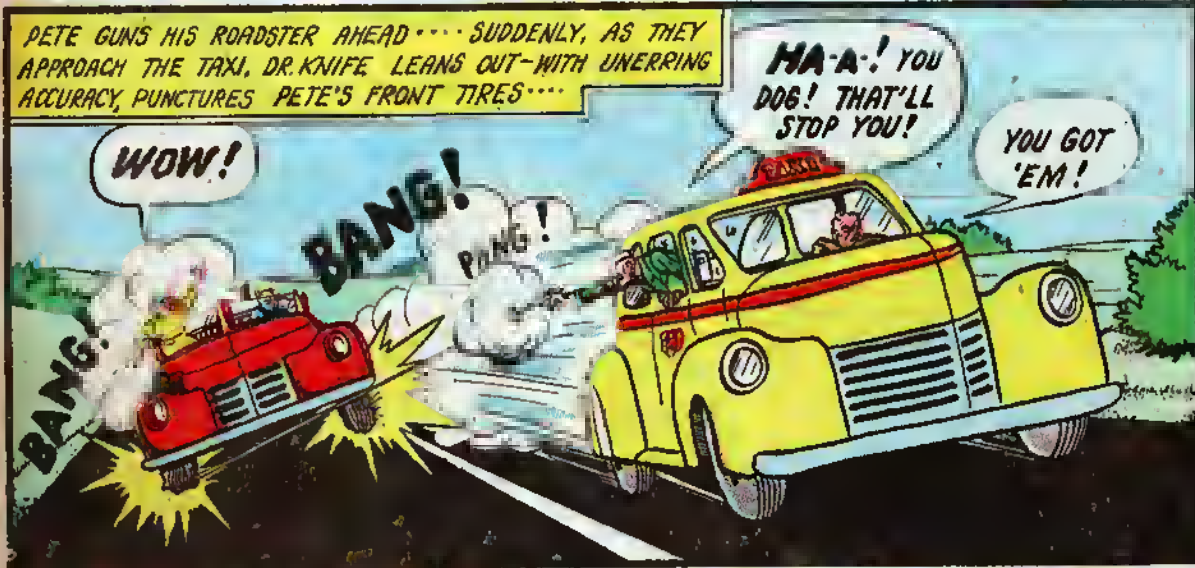
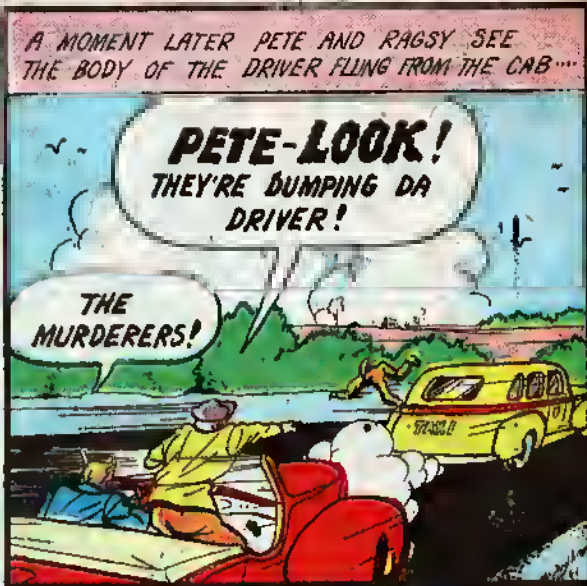
GO ON! FASTER!







WITH COLD-BLOODED BRUTALITY, DIRK PULLS HIS GUN-TRIGGER....





**BADLY SHAKEN, BUT STILL ABLE TO MOVE, PETE AND RAGGY RACE ONTO THE ROAD AGAIN ....**

**THEY'RE ESCAPING!**

**C'MON! THERE'S AN EMERGENCY PHONE UP AHEAD!**



**GAINING THE PHONE BOOTH —**

**HELLO! STATE POLICE? TWO BERSERK MURDERERS LOOSE IN A TAXI HEADING NORTH ON ROUTE NINE! HERE'S THE DOPE —**



**GIVE IT TO 'EM, PETE!**

**YEAN-YEAN... HOLD ON A MINUTE! HEY-MURPHY! CALL ALL CARS! CALL FOR A DEPUTY POSSE... SURROUND FLOYDEN WOODS SECTOR, AND BLOCK ALL ROADS NORTH TO —**



**IN NO TIME, THE ENTIRE SECTOR IS SWARMING WITH POLICE AND ARMED CIVILIANS... ROADS ARE BLOCKED, SEARCHING PARTIES TAKE TO THE WOODS... THE HUE AND CRY IS ON!**

**WE'LL TAKE THE NORTH LAKE ROAD!**

**RIGHT!**

**POST THOSE OLD GAVES IN BACK OF TANNERS!**

**GIVE ME FIVE MEN TO BUILD A BARRICADE!**

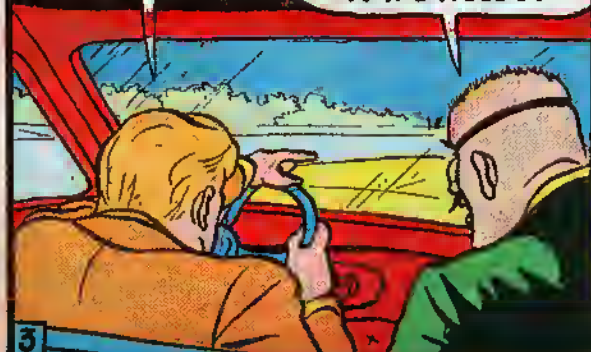
**CAP- I'M SENDING LAMSON EAST TO PLEASANTVILLE!**



**ABRUPTLY, DIRK AND KNIFE SPOT SOME SUSPICIOUS PERSONS AHEAD ON THE ROAD ....**

**DOC! THOSE GUYS! THEY'RE ARMED!**

**STOCKBRIDGE HAS GIVEN THE ALARM! STOP THIS THING! TAKE TO THE WOODS!**



**LEAPING FROM THE TAXI, THE TWO MURDERERS RACE INTO THE COVER OF THE WOODS ....**

**GOT THE MONEY? WHERE'LL WE HIDE?**

**RUN- YOU IDIOT! WE'LL FIND A PLACE!**





WE'LL GET THOSE FIENDS NOW!

BETTER LIFE! THEN YOU AND ME ARE GOING TO DAT BIG MANSION OF YOURS - RIGHT, PETE?



THAT'S RIGHT, RAGGY... YOU'RE A SPUNKY HARD - TALKING LITTLE MUG! I WON'T FORGET THAT YOU SAVED MY LIFE, EITHER! HOW'D YOU COME TO BE OFFHAND, KID?

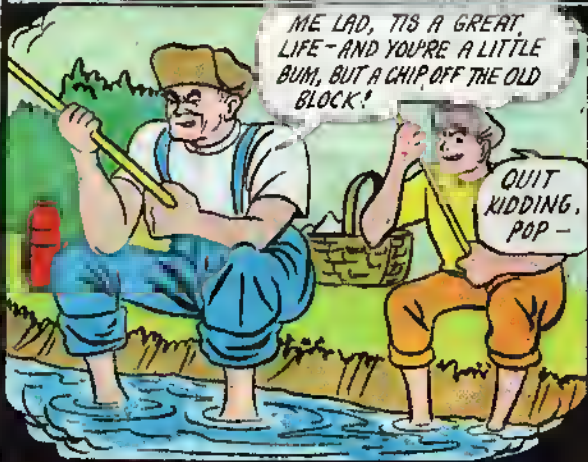
I DON'T SEE WHY IT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS - BUT I'LL TELL YA, ANYWAY.... I WASN'T ALWAYS A GUTTER PUNK... I WAS BORN UP IN ALBANY -



"I WAS JUST LIKE OTHER KIDS WID A MA AND PA AND ALL... WE HAD A NICE HOUSE WID FLOWERS AROUND IT... LIFE WAS A BREEZE FOR ME ...."



"ME OLD MAN WAS A TOUGH, FIGHTING IRISHMAN - BUT HE WAS GOOD, TOO! HIM AND ME WAS REAL PALS! WE USED TO GO FISHING AND SWIMMING ON HIS DAYS OFF..."



ME LAD, TIS A GREAT, LIFE - AND YOU'RE A LITTLE BUM, BUT A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK!

QUIT KIDDING, POP -

"POP - HE WORKED FOR A CONTRACTOR WHO SAVED MONEY BY PUTTING BUM CEMENT AND TIMBER IN HIS JOBS... POP USED TO FIGHT WID DE OLD GUY ABOUT IT... POP WAS FOREMAN..."



"POP WOULD'A, QUIT ABOUT THE POOR CEMENT - BUT HE HAD ME AND MOM TO SUPPORT..."

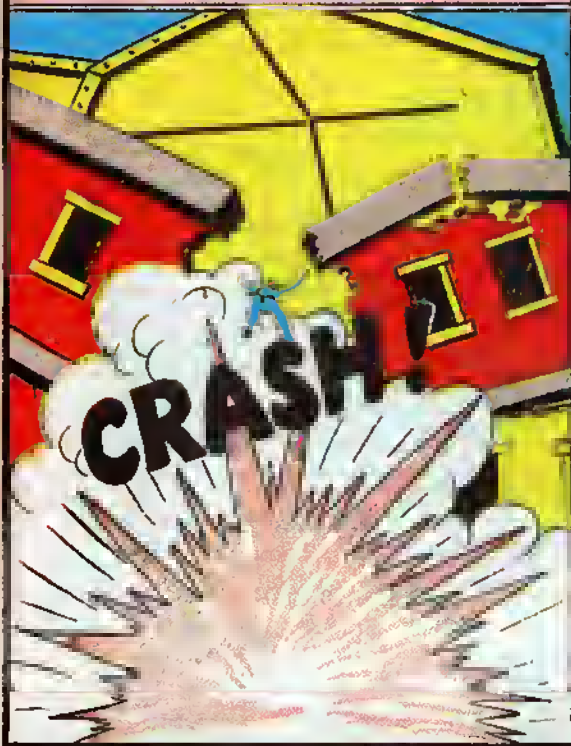
MURPHY, YOU QUIT YOUR CONFOUNDED BELLY-ACHING OR GET OFF THE JOB!! I KNOW MY BUSINESS!

ALL RIGHT - ALL RIGHT - YOU SCROOGE! BUT SOME DAY ONE OF THESE BUILDINGS WILL FALL DOWN!

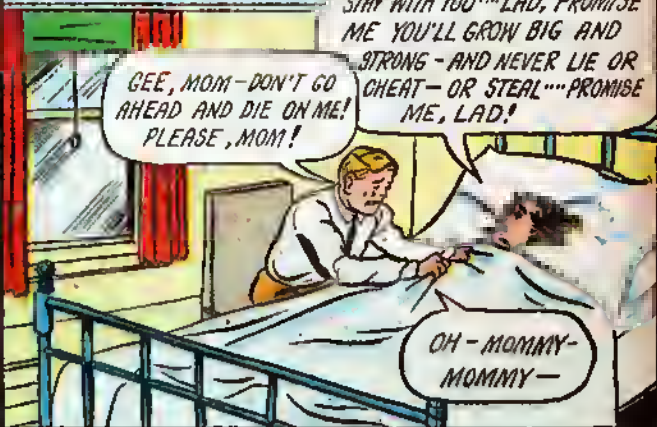




"AND DAT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENED.... DA LAST JOB COLLAPSED, AND TEN MEN WERE KILLED.... POP WAS ONE OF THEM...."



"IT WASN'T SO LONG AFTER DAT, BUT MY MOM DIED TOO.... SHE WAS CRAZY OVER POP...."

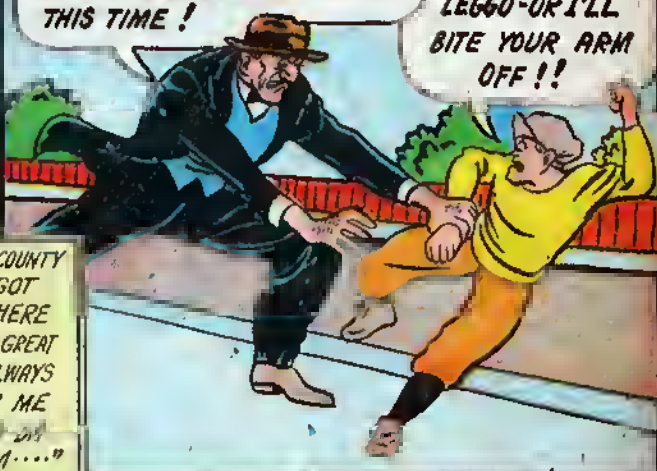


GEE, MOM—DON'T GO AHEAD AND DIE ON ME! PLEASE, MOM!

POOR LITTLE BOY—IF ONLY I HAD THE STRENGTH TO STAY WITH YOU... LAD, PROMISE ME YOU'LL GROW BIG AND STRONG—AND NEVER LIE OR CHEAT—OR STEAL... PROMISE ME, LAD!

OH—MOMMY—MOMMY—

HA! YOU SCRATCHY LITTLE GUTTER SNIPE! I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!



LEGGO ME—LEGGO—OR I'LL BITE YOUR ARM OFF!!

"WHEN SHE WAS GONE I WAS LEFT ALL ALONE—NO HOME—RELATIVES—MONEY—NOTHING.... AND, BOY, WAS I BLUE!"



PRETTY SOON THE COUNTY ORPHAN SOCIETY GOT AFTER ME... THERE WAS SOME HAIRY, GREAT BIG-NOSED BUM ALWAYS TRYING TO GRAB ME AND PUT ME IN DA ORPHAN ASYLUM...."

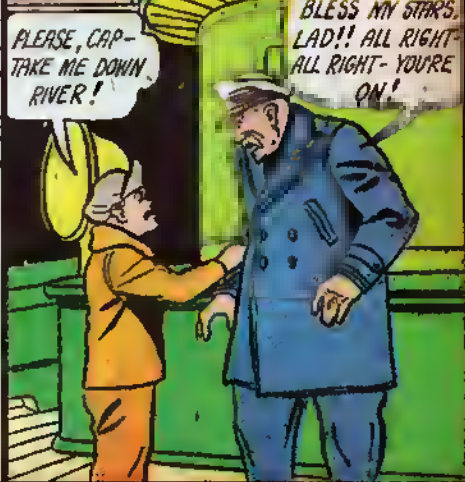
"I WENT TO AN OLD FRIEND OF POP'S—A RIVER-TUG CAPTAIN—AND ASKED HIM TO TAKE ME DOWN RIVER."



CAPTAIN JIMMY—! CAN I GO WID YOU?

WELL I'LL BE—LAD—WHAT'S THIS MEAN?

"I TOLD HIM I WANTED TO SEEK MY FORTUNE AWAY FROM ALBANY...."



PLEASE, CAP—TAKE ME DOWN RIVER!

BLESS MY STARS, LAD!! ALL RIGHT—ALL RIGHT—YOU'RE ON!

"FINALLY I PACKED ALL I HAD, AND DECIDED TO RUN AWAY FROM ALBANY..."



—SHAKE DA DUST OF DIS TOWN FROM ME FEET!



"WE HAD A SWELL TRIP DOWN RIVER - PULLING COAL BARGES .... IT WAS WARM, AND SUNNY, AND BREEZY .... CAPTAIN JIMMY WAS GOOD TO ME .... I LEFT THE BARGE AT JERSEY CITY TO FIND WORK AND MAKE ME FORTUNE ...."

"I'D GIVE YOU A JOB, LAD, BUT YOU'RE UNDER AGE ...."

"THAT'S OKAY, CAP .... I'LL FIND STUFF TO DO - I'M AMBITIOUS!"

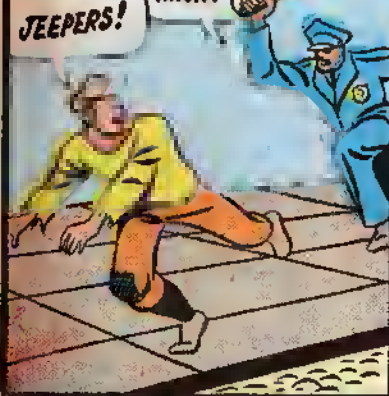


"BUT SOON'S I GOT OFF DA TUG COPS BEGAN CHASING ME TO FIND OUT WHO ME PARENTS WAS - AND WHERE I LIVED ...."

"STOP - YOU BRAT!"

"WHOA!"

"JEEPERS!"



"TRUANT OFFICERS FROM DA SCHOOLS BEGAN CHASING ME ...."

"POLICE!"

"NO OLD ORPHANAGE FOR ME!"



"FINALLY TO GET 'EM ALL OFF ME NECK, I WENT TO DA SCHOOL AND REGISTERED .... I TOLD 'EM I LIVED IN DA CITY, IN A HOUSE ...."

"ALL RIGHT YOUNG MAN .... BE AT SCHOOL TOMORROW MORNING AT NINE!"

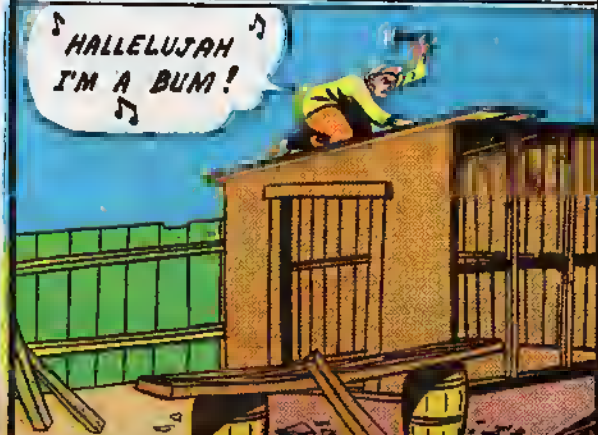


"I WENT TO DAT PESKY SCHOOL FOR AWHILE, AND AFTER SCHOOL I RAN ERRANDS TO GET MONEY TO EAT ...."



"I BEGAN COLLECTIN' OLD BOXES AND CRATES AND BOARDS AND I BUILT MIESELF DAT LITTLE SHACK TO LIVE IN .... IT WAS COSY AND NICE - AT LAST I HAD A HOME AGAIN!"

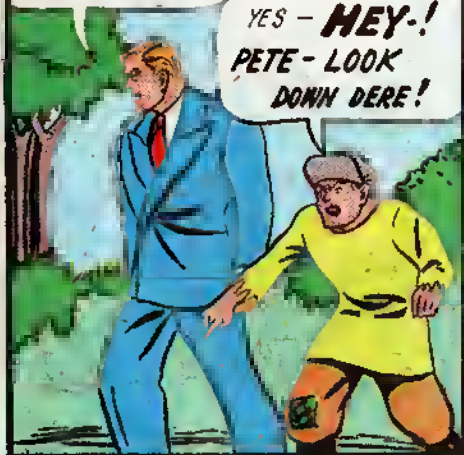
"HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM!"





-AND THAT'S WHERE I FOUND YOU- EH-?  
WELL-- HELLO-- WE SEEM  
TO BE ALONE!

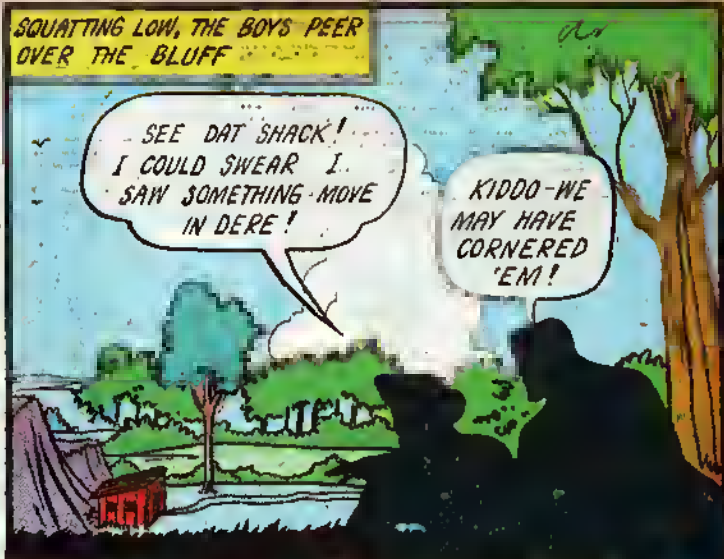
YES - **HEY-!**  
**PETE- LOOK**  
**DOWN DERE!**



SQUATTING LOW, THE BOYS PEER  
OVER THE BLUFF

SEE DAT SHACK!  
I COULD SWEAR I  
SAW SOMETHING MOVE  
IN DERE!

KIDDO-WE  
MAY HAVE  
CORNERED  
'EM!



CAUTIOUSLY, THEY BEGIN TO CRAWL TO THE  
REAR OF THE SHACK...

RIGHT! GO EASY!

WHAT'LL WE  
DO? COME  
DOWN IN BACK  
OF 'EM?

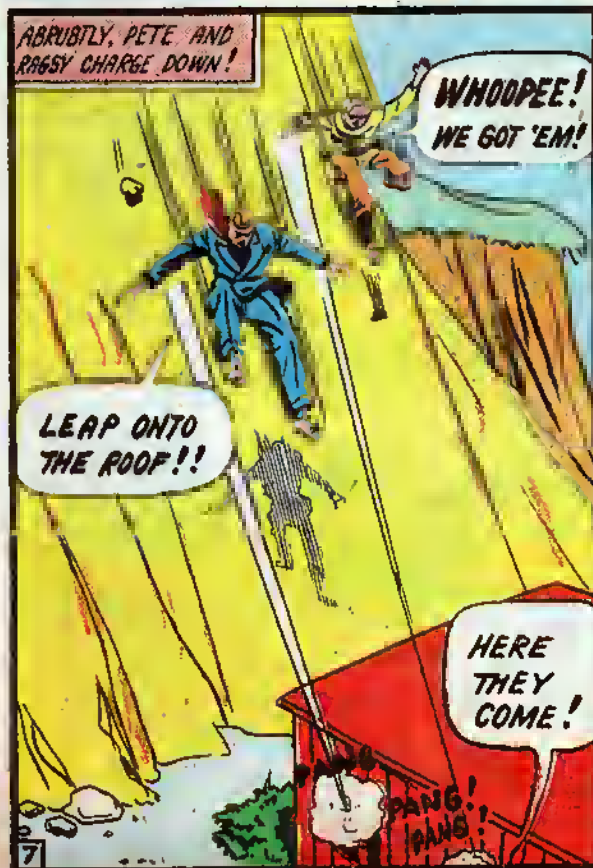


ABRUPTLY, PETE AND  
RAGSY CHARGE DOWN!

**WHOOPEE!**  
**WE GOT 'EM!**

**LEAP ONTO  
THE ROOF!!**

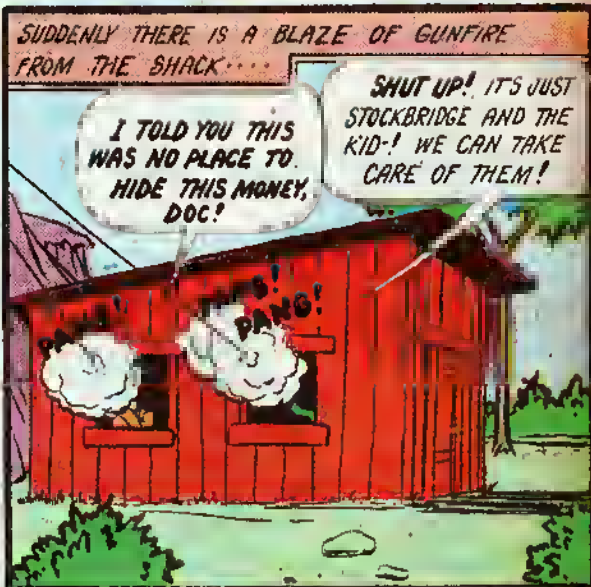
**HERE  
THEY  
COME!**



SUDDENLY THERE IS A BLAZE OF GUNFIRE  
FROM THE SHACK...

I TOLD YOU THIS  
WAS NO PLACE TO  
HIDE THIS MONEY,  
DOC!

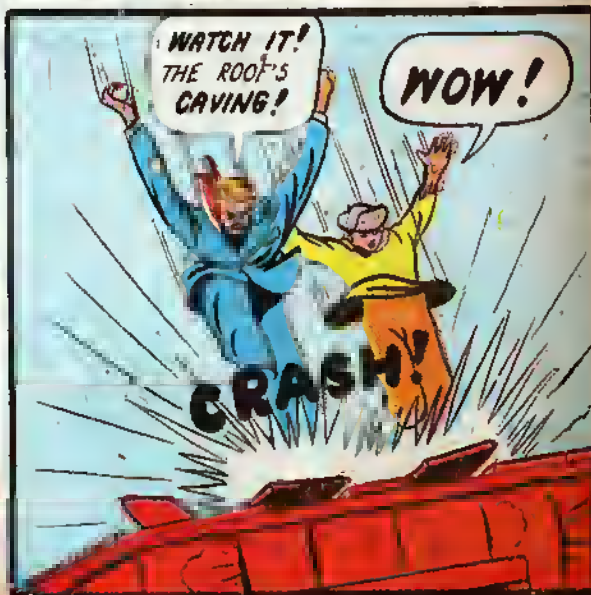
**SHUT UP!** IT'S JUST  
STOCKBRIDGE AND THE  
KID-! WE CAN TAKE  
CARE OF THEM!



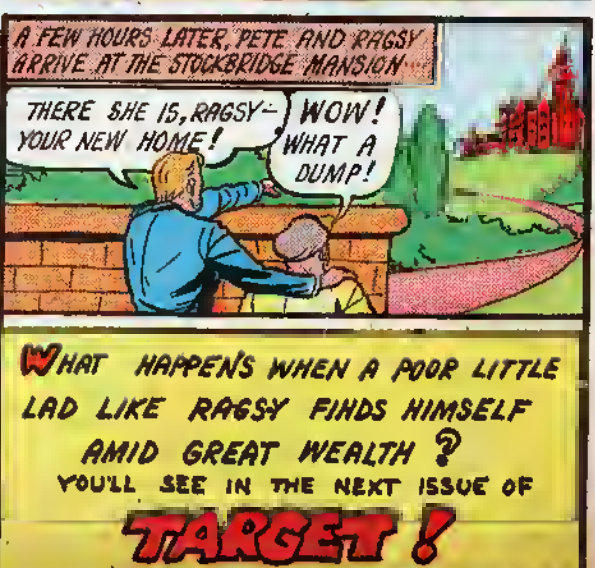
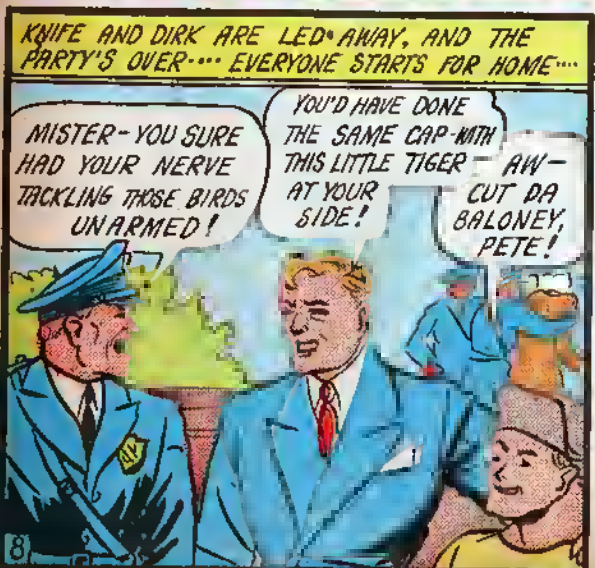
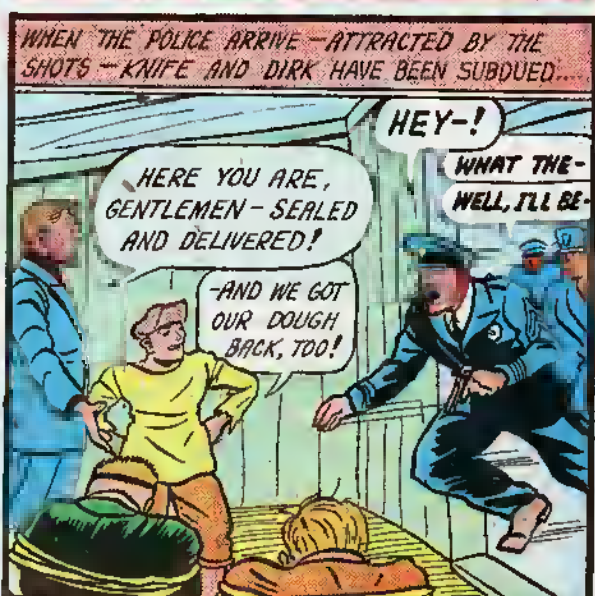
**WATCH IT!**  
**THE ROOF'S  
CAVING!**

**WOW!**

**CRASH!**











## FOOTBALL HELMET

MO-187

A "real" helmet. With this one, you can "buck the line" in confidence. Made of heavy fibre and leather. Well padded with suspension shock absorber. Adjustable chin strap. Comes in black and tan colors and in three (3) sizes—large, medium, small. Be sure to state which size.

**\$3.00**



MO-177

## OFFICIAL "TOUCH" FOOTBALL

There's nothing flimsy or cheap in the construction of this MINIATURE football. It is made of genuine, football grain, heavy fabricoid material. Double laced. Comes with pre-inflated rubber valve bladder. Valve needle included. Each ball tested before being shipped. Will be all the rage again this Fall. Get yours early!

**50c**



MO-188

## FOOTBALL SHOULDER PADS

Protect yourself with shoulder pads like those pictured above. You will plunge into hard plays with confidence. Notice the molded fibre shoulder caps and epaulets. Collarbone protectors are lined with white drill. Elastic arm bands

**\$1.75**



MO-160

## SHINER

An Imitation telescope which gives the victim a black eye. A tin box of blackening with each

**15c**



MO-144

## GOOD LUCK RING

Some people believe this ring does bring good luck. Why not try it? Fits any finger.

**12c**

# THE "MYSTERY" KNIFE

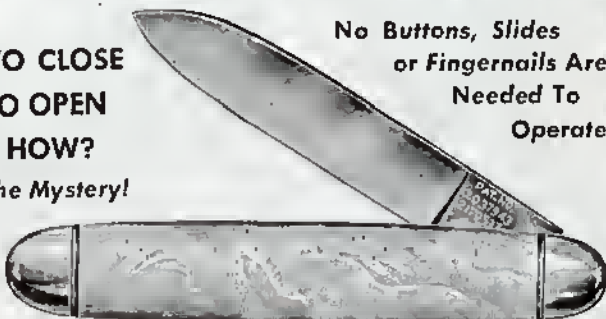
**EASY TO CLOSE  
EASY TO OPEN  
BUT HOW?**

*That's The Mystery!*

**No Buttons, Slides  
or Fingernails Are  
Needed To  
Operate**

MO-186

**29c**



(cut actual size)

Amaze your friends with this new "HAMMER BRAND" sensation! No buttons, slides or fingernails are needed to "open" or "close". Imitation pearl handles. Brass linings. Full polished, tempered, razor steel blade. Complete operating instructions enclosed.

Our two most popular items are the Knife pictured above and the Billfold at lower left.

MO-124

## BILFOLD AND COIN PURSE

More popular than ever. Carries coins in addition to currency. Visible identification pocket. Cord pocket at each end. Snap fastener. State initial to be stamped. RUBBERIZED LEATHER.

**35c**

MO-124A

**GUARANTEED ALL LEATHER  
47c**



MO-178

## JOY BUZZER

A handshaker which produces a buzzing vibration when shaking hands. Watch 'em jump

**25c**

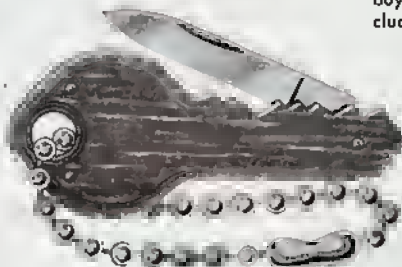


MO-139

## GENE-AUTRY RING

Adjustable shank for any finger size. Sides decorated with horse shoe, larlot and cowboy hat. (button included)

**15c**



MO-189

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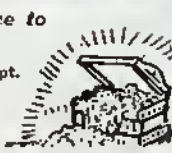
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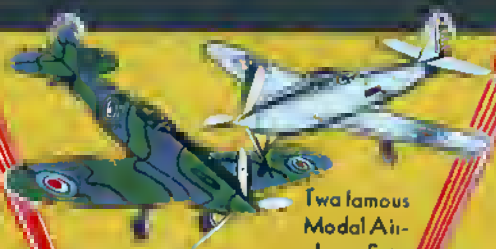


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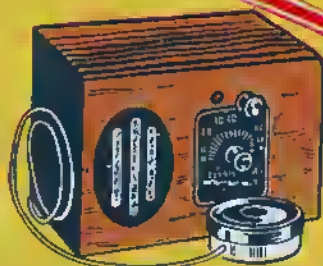


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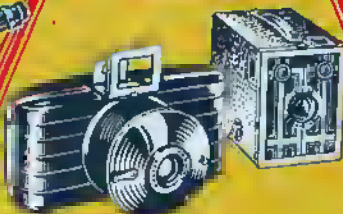


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